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Spencer, Edm.

1883

Note ink blot on top



652 Eng.



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THE  
*Shepheardes Calender*

Conteining twelue Æglogues proportion-  
nable to the twelue  
Monethes.

*Entitled*  
TO THE NOBLE AND VERTV-  
*uous Gentleman most worthy of all titles, both*  
*of learning and cheualrie M.*  
Philip Sidney.

( . . )



Imprinted at London for Iohn  
Harison the younger, dwelling in Pater  
noster Roe, at the signe of the Anker, and  
are there to be solde.

## TO HIS BOOKE.

*Goe little booke : thy selfe present,  
As childe whose parent is vnkent :  
To him that is the president  
Of noblesse and of cheualree,  
And if that Enuie barke at thee,  
As sure it will, for succour flee*

*Vnder the shadowe of his wing,  
And asked, who thee forth did bring,  
A shepheardes swaine say did thee sing,  
All as his straying flocke he fedde :  
And when his honor has thee redde,  
Graue pardon for my hardyhedde.*

*But if that any aske thy name  
Say thou wert base begot with blame :  
For thy thereof thou takest shame.  
And when thou art past seopardee,  
Come tell me, what was sayd of mee :  
And I will send more after thee.*

*Immerito.*



# To the most excellent and learned both

Orator and Poet, Maister Gabriell Haruey, his very

speciall and singular good friend E.K commendeth the

good liking of this his labour, and the patro-

nage of the newe Poet.

(. . .)



*N*couthe Vnkiste, Sayde the olde famous Poet *Chaucer*: whom for his excellencie and wonderfull skill in making, his scholler *Lidgate*, a worthy scholler of so excellent a maister, calleth the Loadestarre of our language: & whom our *Colin Clout* in his Aeglogue calleth Tityrus the God of shepheards, comparing him to the worthinesse of the Roman *Tityrus Virgil*. Which prouerbe, myne ovne good friend M. Haruey, as in that good olde Poet it serued vvell *Pandares* purpose, for the bolstering of his baudy brocage, so very vvell taketh place in this our nevve Poet, vwho for that he is vn couthe (as said *Chaucer*) is vnkist, & vnknown to most men, is regarded but of fevv. But I doubt not, so soone as his name shall come into the knowvledge of men, and his vvorthinesse be sounded in the tromp of Fame, but that he shall be not only kiste, but also beloued of al, embraced of the most, and vvondred at of the best. No lesse I thinke, deserueth his vvittinesse in deuising, his pithinesse in vttering, his complaintes of loue so louely, his discourses of pleasure so pleasantly, his pastorall rudenesse, his morall vvisenesse, his due obseruing of *Decorum* euerievvhere, in personages, in seasons, in matter, in speach, and generally in all seemely simplicitie of handling his matter, and framing his vvordes: the which of many thinges vvich in him be straunge, I know vvill seeme the straunget, the words them selues being so auncient, the knitting of them so short and intricate, and the vvhole Periode & compasse of speache so delightfome for the roundnesse, and so graue for the straungenesse. And first of the vvords to speake, I graunt they be something hard, and of most men vnused, yet both English, and also vsed of most excellent Authours and most famous Poets. In vvhom vvhen as this our Poet hath bene much traueiled and thoroughly read, hovv could it be, (as that vvorthy Oratour said) but that vvalking in the sunne although for other cause he vvalked, yet needes he mought be sunburnt, & hauing the sound of those auncient Poets stil ringing in his eares, he mought needs in singing hit out some of theyr tunes. But vvwhether he vseth them by suche casualtie and custome, or of set purpose and choyse, as thinking them fittest for such rusticall rudenesse of shepheardes, eyther for that their rough sounde vvould make his rymes more ragged and rusticall, or else because such olde and absolute vvordes are most vsed of country folke, sure I thinke, & thinke I thinke not amisse, that they bring great grace, & as one vvould say, authoritie to the verse. For albe amögst many other faults it specially be obiected of *Valla* against *Linie*, & of other against *Salust*, that with ouer much study they affect antiquitie, as coueting thereby credence & honour of elder yeeres, yet

\* \* .ii.

I am



## Epistle.

I am of opinion, & eke the best learned are of the lyke, that those aũcient solemne vvords are a great ornamēt both in the one & in the other: the one labouring to set forth in his work an eternal image of antiquitie, and the other carefully discoursing matters of grauitie & importāce. For if my memory faile not, *Tullie* in that booke, wherein he endeouureth to set forth the paterne of a perfect Oratour, sayth that oftentimes an auncient word maketh the style seeme graue, and as it vv ere reuerend: no othervvise then vve honour & reuerence gray haire for a certaine religious regard, vv hich vve haue of old age. Yet neither euery vv here must old vvords be stuffed in, nor the common Dialecte & maner of speaking so corrupted thereby, that as in old buildings it seeme disorderly and ruinous. But all as in most exquisite pictures they vse to blaze & portraict not onely the daintie lineaments of beautie, but also rounde about it to shadowv the rude thickets & craggy clifts, that by the basenesse of such parts, more excellency may accrevv to the principall: for oftentimes vve finde our selues, I know not how, singularly delighted with the shevv of such naturall rudenesse, and take great pleasure in that disorderly order. Euen so doe those rough & harsh termes enlumine & make more clearly to appeare the brightnesse of braue and glorious words. So oftentimes a dischord in Musick maketh a comely concordance: so great delight tooke the vvorthy Poet *Alceus* to behold a blemish in the ioynt of a vv el shaped body. But if any vv ill rashly blame such his purpose in choyse of old & vv vnted vvords, him may I more iustly blame and condemne, or of witleffe headinesse in iudging, or of heedelesse hardinesse in cōdemning: for not marking the cōpasse of his bent, he vv ill iudge of the lēgth of his cast: for in my opinion it is one special praise, of many vv hich are devv to this Poete, that he hath laboured to restore, as to their rightfull heritage such good and naturall English vvords, as haue beene lōg time out of vse & almost clean disherited. Which is the onely cause, that our Mother tonge, vv hich truely of it selfe is both full enough for prose and stately enough for verse, hath long time ben counted most bare & barren of both. Which default whē as some endeouored to salve & recure, they patched vp the holes vv ith peeces and rags of other languages, borrovving here of the French, there of the Italian, euery vv here of the Latine, not vveighing how il, those tongues accord vv ith themselves, but much vvorse vv ith ours: So novv they haue made our English tongue, a gallimaufrey or hodgepodge of all other speaches. Other some not so vv ell seme in the English tongue as perhaps in other languages, if then happen to heare an old vvord albeit very naturall & significāt, cry out straight vvay, that vve speake no English, but gibberish, or rather such, as in olde time *Euanders* mother spake: vv hose first shame is, that they are not ashamed, in their ovvn mother tongue strangers to be cōtēd and alienes. The second shame no lesse then the first, that vv hat so they vnderstand not, they straight vvay, deeme to be sencelesse, and not at all to be vnderstode. Much like to the Mole in *Aesops* fable, that being blinde hir selfe, wold in no wise be perswaded, that any beast could see. The last more shamefull then both, that of their ovvn country and natural speach, vv hich together with their Nources milk they sucked, they haue so base regard & bastard iudgemēt, that they vv ill not onely themselves not labor to garnish & beautifie it, but also repine, that of other it should be embellished. Like to the dogge in  
the



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the maunger, that himfelfe can eate no hay, & yet barketh at the hungry bullocke, that so faine vould feede; vvhofe curriſh kinde though cannot be kept from barking, yet I conne them thanke that they refrayne from byting.

Novv for the knitung of ſentences, vvwhich they call the ioynts & members thereof, & for all the compaſſe of the ſpeech, it is round vvithout roughneſſe, & learned vvithout hardneſſe, ſuch indeede as may be perceiued of the leaſt, vvnderſtoode of the moſt, but iudged onely of the learned. For vvhat in moſt Engliſh vvriters vſeth to be looſe, & as it vvwere vvryght, in this Author is vvell grounded, finely framed, and ſtrongly truſſed vp together. In regard vvhereof, I ſcorne and ſpue out the rakehellly route of our ragged rymes (for ſo theſelues vſe to hunt the letter) vvwhich vvithout learning boaiſt, vvithout iudgement iangle, vvithout reaſon tage & ſome, as if ſome inſtinct of Poetical ſpirit had newly rauiſhed them aboue the meaneneſſe of cōmen capacitie. And being in the middeſt of all their brauery, ſodely cyther for vvant of matter, or of ryme, or hauing forgotten their former cōcept, they ſeme to be ſo pained & trauailed in their remembrance, as it vvwere a vvoman in childebirth, or as that ſame Pythia, vvhe the traūce came ypon her. *Os rabidum fer. a corda domās. &c.*

Netheleſſe let them a Gods name feede on theyr ovvne folly, ſo they ſecke not to darken the beams of others glory. As for *Colin*, vvnder vvhoſe perſon the Authour ſelfe is ſhadowed, hovv furre he is from ſuch vaunted titles & glorious ſhovves, both himſelfe ſhevveſh, vvhere he ſayth.

*Of Muſes Hobbin. I conne no ſkill.*

And,

*Enough is me to patnt out my vnreſt, &c.*

And alſo appeareth by the baſeneſſe of the name, vvherein, it ſeemeth, he choſe rather to vnfold great matter of argument couertly, then profeſſing it, not ſuffice thereto accordingly. Which moued him rather in Aeglogues, thē othervvife to vvrite, doubting perhaps his habilitie, which he little needed, or mynding to furniſh our tongue vvith this kinde, vvherein it faulterh, or following the example of the beſt & moſt auncient Poetes, vvwhich deuifed this kinde of vvryting, being both ſo baſe for the matter, & homely for the manner, at the firſt to trye their habilities? & as young byrds, that be nevvely crept out of the neaſt, by little firſt to proue their tender vvyngs, before they make a greater flight. So flew *Theocritus*, as you may perceiue he vvvas all ready full fledged. So flew *Virgile*, as not yet vvell feeling his vvyngs. So flew *Mantuan* as not being full ſomd. So *Petrarque*. So *Boccace*: So *Marot*, *Sanazarin*, and alſo diuers other excellēt both Italian and French Poetes, vvhoſe footing this Authour euery vvhere follovveth, yet ſo as ſevv, but they be vvell ſented can trace him out. So finally flyeth this our nev v Poet, as a bird, vvhoſe principals be ſcarce grovven out, but yet as that in time ſhall be hable to keepe vvynng vvith the beſt. Novv as touching the generall dryft and purpoſe of his Aeglogues, I minde not to ſay much, himſelfe labouring to concele it. Onely this appereth, that his vnſtaied youth had long vvādered in the cōmon Laborinth of Loue, in vvwhich time to mitigate and allay the heate of his paſſion, or els to vvarne (as he ſaith) the young ſhepheards ſ. his equalls & companions of his vnfortunate folly, he compiled theſe xij. Aeglogues, vvwhich for that they be proportioned to the ſtate of the xij. monethes, he termeth the *Shepherds Calender*, applying an olde name to a nev vvorke. Hereunto haue I added



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a certaine Glosse or scholion for the exposition of olde vvords & harder phrases: vvvhich maner of glosing & commenting, vvell I vvote, vvill seme strange & rare in our tongue: yet for so much as I knevve many excellent & proper deuises both in vvordes and matter vvould passe in the speedie course of reading, either as vnknownen, or as not marked, and that in this kind, as in other vve might be equall to the learned of other nations, I thought good to take the paines vpon me, the rather for that by meanes of some familiar acquaintance I vvvas made priuie to his counsell and secret meaning in them, as also in sundry other vvorks of his. Which albeit I knowv he nothing so much hateth, as to promulgate, yet thus much haue I aduentured vpon his friendship, him selfe being for long time furre estraunged, hoping that this vvill the rather occasion him, to put forth diuers other excellent vvorkes of his, vvvhich sleepe in silence, as his Dreames, his Legendes, his Court of Cupid, and sundry others, vvwhose commendations to set out, vvvere very vaine, the things though vvorthy of many, yet being knownen to seruv. These my present paines if to any they be pleasurable or profitable, be you iudge, mine ovvne good M. Haruey, to vvhom I haue both in respect of your worthinesse generally, & othervvise vpon some particular & speciall considerations vvowed this my labour, & the maydenhead of this our common friends Poetrie, him selfe hauing already in the beginning dedicated it to the Noble and vvorthye Gentleman, the right Worshipfull M. Philip Sidney, a speciall fauourer & maintainer of all kind of learning. Whose cause I pray you Sir, if Enuie shall sturre vp any vvrongfull accusation, defend vvith your mightie Rhetorick & other your rare giftes of learning, as you can, & shield vvith your good vvill, as you ought, against the malice & outrage of so many enemies, as I know will be set on fire vvith the sparks of his kindled glory. And thus recōmending the Author vnto you, as vnto his most special good friend, and my selfe vnto you both, as one making singular account of tvvvo so very good and so choise friendes, I bid you both most hartily farvvell, & commit you and your most commendable studies to the tuicion of the greatest.

*Your owne assuredly to  
be commaunded E.K.*

*Post scr.*

**N**OVV I trust M. Haruey, that vpon sight of your speciall friends & fellow Poets doings, or else for enuie of so many vnnvvorthye Quidams, vvvhich catch at the garland, vvvhich to you alone is due, you vvill be persvaded to pluck out of the hatefull darknesse, those so many excellent English poemmes of yours, vvvhich lie hid, and bring them forth to eternall light. Trust me you doe both them great vvrong, in depriving them of the desired sunne, and also your selfe, in smothering your deserued praises, and all men generally, in vvwithholding from them so diuine pleasures, vvvhich they might conceiue of your gallant English verses, as they haue already done of your latine Poemes, vvvhich in my opinion both for inuentiō and Elocutiō are very delicate, & superexcellent. And thus againe, I take my leaue of my good M. Haruey. From my lodging at London this 10. of Aprill. 1579.





## The generall Argument of the whole Booke.



Little I hope, needeth me at large to discourse the first Original of Aeglogues, hauing alreadye touched the same. But for the vvorde Aeglogues I knowe is vnknowne to most, and also mistaken of some the best learned (as they think) I will say somewhat thereof, being not at all impertinent to my present purpose.

They were first of the Greekes the inuentours of them called *Aeglogas* as it were *Aegon*, or *Aeginomon logi*, that is Goteheardes tales. For although in *Virgil* and others the speakers be most shepherdes, & Goteheardes, yet *Theocritus* in vvhom is more ground of authoritie, then in *Virgil*, this specially from that deriuing, as from the first head and vvelspring the vvhole Inuention of his Aeglogues, maketh Goteheards the persons and authors of his tales. This being, vvhich seeth not the grossenesse of such as by colour of learning would make vs beleue that they are more rightly termed *Eclogas*, as they would say, extraordinarie discourses of vnnessearie matter, vvhich definition albe in substance and meaning it agree vwith the nature of the thing, yet no vvhich answereth vwith the *Analysis* and interpretation of the vword. For they be not termed Eclogues, but Aeglogues, vvhich sentence this author very vvel obseruing, vpon good iudgement, though in deepe few Goteheards haue to doe herein, nethelisse doubteth not to call them by the vsed and best knowne name. Other curious discourses hereof I reserue to greater occasion. These xij. Aeclogues euery vvhich answering to the seasons of the xij. monethes may be vvell deuised into three formes or ranckes. For eyther they be Plaintiue, as the first, the sixt, the eleuenth, & the twelfth, or recreatiue, such as all those be, vvhich conceiue matter of loue, or comendation of speciall personages, or Morall: vvhich for the most part be mixed vwith some Satyricall bitternesse, namely the second of reuerence due to olde age, the fifth of coloured deceit, the seuenth and ninth of dissolute shepherdes and Pastours, the tenth of contempt of Poetrie and pleasant vvittes. And to this diuision may euery thing herein be reasonably applied: A fewe onely except, vvhose speciall purpose and meaning I am not priue to. And thus much generally of these xii. Aeclogues. Now vwill we speake particularly of all, and first of the first. Which he calleth by the first monethes name Ianuarie: vvhich to some he may seeme foully to haue faulted, in that he erroneously beginneth vwith that moneth, vvhich beginneth not the yeere. For it is vvell knowne, and stoutely mainteyned vwith strong reasons of the learned, that the yeere beginneth in March, for then the Sunne reneweth his finished course, and the seasonable spring refresheth the earth, and the pleasure thereof beyng buried in the sadnesse of the dead Winter now vborne away, reliueth.

This



## The Argument.

This opinion mainteine the olde Astrologers and Philosophers, namely the reuerend Andalo, and Macrobius in his holydayes of Saturne, which account also vvas generally obserued both of Grecians and Romaines. But sauing the leaue of such learned heads, vve mainteine a custome of counting the seasons from the moneth Ianuarie, vpon a more speciall cause, then the heathen Philosophers euer could conceiue, that is, for the incarnation of our mightie Saviour and eternall redeemer the Lord Christ, vvho as then renewing the state of the decayed vvorld, and returning the compasse of expired yeeres to their former date and first commencement, left to vs his heires a memoriall of his birth in the ende of the last yeere and beginning of the next. Which reckoning, beside that eternall monument of our saluation, leaneth also vpo good prooffe of speciall iudgement. For albeit that in elder times, vvhen as yet the coumpt of the yeere vvas not perfected, as aftervvard it vvas by Iulius Cæsar, they began to tell the monethes from Marches beginning, and according to the same God (as is said in Scripture) commaunded the people of the Iewes to count the moneth Abil, that which vve call March, for the first moneth, in remembrance that in that moneth he brought them out of the land of Aegipt: yet according to tradition of latter times it hath bene otherwise obserued, both in gouernment of the Church, and rule of Mightiest Realmes. For from Iulius Cæsar vvho first obserued the leape yeere vvich he called *Bessextilem Annum*, and brought into a more certaine course the odde vvandring dayes vvich of the *Greekes* vvere called *Hyperbainontes* of the Romaines *Intercalares* (for in such matter of learning I am forced to vse the terms of the learned) the monethes haue bene numbred xij. vvich in the first ordinance of *Romulus* vvere but tenne, counting but CCCiij. dayes in euery yeere, and beginning vvith March. But *Numa Pompilius*, vvho vvas the father of all the Romaine Ceremonies and Religion, seeing that reckoning to agree neither vvith the course of the Sunne, nor of the Moone, therevnto added two monethes, Ianuarie and Februarie, vvherein it seemeth, that vvise king minded vpon good reason to begin the yeere at Ianuarie, of him therefore so called *tantum Ianua annis* the gate and entrance of the yeere, or of the name of the god *Ianus*, to vvich God for that the old Paynims attributed the birth & beginning of all creatures nevv comming into the vvorld, it seemeth that he therefore to him assigned the beginning and first entrance of the yeere. Which account for the most part hath hetherto continued. Notvvithstanding that the *Egyptians* begin their yeere at Septēber, for that according to the opinion of the best *Rabbins*, and verye purpose of the scripture selfe, God made the vvorld in that Moneth, that is called of them *Tisri*. And therefore he commaunded them, to keepe the feast of Pavilions in the ende of the yeere, in the xv. day of the vii. moneth, vvich before that time vvas the first.

But our Authour respecting neither the subtiltie of the one part nor the antiquitie of the other, thinketh it fittest according to the simplicitie of common vnderstanding, to begin vvith Ianuarie, vviening it perhaps no *decorum*, that Shepheard shoulde be seene in matter of so deepe in sight, or canuase a case of so doubtfull iudgement. So therefore beginneth he, & so continueth he throughout.





*Aegloga prima.*

ARGUMENT.

**I**N this first Aeglogue Colin Cloute a shepheards boy complaineth him of his vnfortunate loue, being but newly (as seemeth) enamoured of a Countre lasse called Rosalinde: with which strong affection being very sore travelled, he compareth his carefull case to the sadde season of the yeere, to the frostie ground, to the frosen trees, and to his owne winterbeaten flocke. And lastly, finding himselfe robbed of all former pleasaunce and delight, he breaketh his Pipe in peeces, and casteth himselfe to the ground.

Colin Cloute.



Shepheards boye (no better doe him call)  
When Winters wastfull spight was almost spent,  
All in a sunneshine day, as did befall,  
Led forth his flock, that had bene long ypent,  
So faint they wore, and feeble in the folde,  
That now vnethes their fete cold them vphold.

All as the Sheepe, such was the shepheards looke,  
For pale and wanne he was, (alas the while,)  
May seeme he lovd, or els some care he toke:  
Well couth he tune his pipe, and frame his stile.

A. i.

Tho



## *Ianuarie.*

Tho to a hill his fainting flocke he ledde,  
And thus him playnd, the while his sheepe there sedde.

Oe Gods of loue, that pitie louers paine,  
(If any gods the paine of louers pittie :)  
Looke from aboue, where you in ioyes remaine,  
And bolue your eares vnto my dolefull dittie.  
And Pan thou shepheards God, that once didst loue,  
Pittie the paines, that thou thy selfe didst proue.

Thou barrein ground, whom winters wrath hath wasted,  
Art made a myrrhour, to behold my plight :  
Whilome thy fresh spring flowrd, and after halted  
Thy sommer proude with Daffadillies dight.  
And now is come thy winters stormie state,  
Thy mantle mard, wherein thou mas-kedst late.

Such rage as winters, reigneth in my hart,  
My life blond frising with vnkindly cold :  
Such stormie stoures do breaðe my balefull smart,  
As if my yeare were wast, and worn old.  
And yet alas, but now my spring begonne,  
And yet alas, it is already donne.

You naked trees, whose shadie leaues are lost,  
Wherein the birds were wont to build their bolwe :  
And now are clothd with mosse and hoarie frost,  
In steede of blomes, wherewith your buds did folwe :  
I see your teares, that from your boughes doe raine,  
Whose drops in dzerie ycles remaine.

All so my lustfull lease is drie and sere,  
My timely buds with wailing all are wasted :  
The blossom, which my bzaunch of youth did beare,  
With breathed sighes is blowne away, and blasted,  
And from mine eyes the drizling teares descend,  
As on your boughes the ycles depend.

Thou feeble flocke, whose fleece is rough and rent,  
Whose knees are weake though fast and euill fare :

Maist



Mayst witnesse well by thy ill gouernment,  
Thy maisters minde is ouercome with care.  
Thou weake, I wann: thou leane, I quite forlorne:  
With mourning pyne I, you with pyning mourne.

A thousand sithes I curse that carefull holwer,  
Wherein I longd the neighbour towne to see:  
And eke tenne thousand sithes I blesse the floure,  
Wherein I sawe so faire a sight, as shee.  
Yet all for naught: such sight hath bred my bane.  
Ah God, that loue should breede both ioy and paine.

It is not Hobbinol, wherefore I plaine,  
Albe my loue he seeke with dayly suit:  
His clownish gifts and curtsies I disdain,  
His kiddes, his cracknelles, and his early fruit.  
Ah foolish Hobbinol, thy giftes bene vaine:  
Colin them giues to Rosalind againe.

I loue thilke lasse, (alas why doe I loue?)  
And am forlorne, (alas why am I lorne?)  
Shee deignes not my good will, but doth reproue,  
And of my rurall musick holdeth scoorne.  
Shepheards deuise she hateth as the snake,  
And laughes the songes, that Colin Clout doth make.

Wherefore my pype, albe rude Pan thou please,  
Yet for thou pleasest not, where most I would:  
And thou vnluckie Muse, that wouldest to ease  
My musing minde, yet canst not, when thou should:  
Both pype and Muse, shall soze the while abyce,  
So broke his oaten pype, and downe dyd lye.

By that, the welked Phoebus gan abaile,  
His weary waine, and now the frostie Night  
Her mantle black through heauen gan ouerhaile.  
Which scene, the pensife boy halfe in despight  
Arose, and homeward dzone his sunned sheepe,  
Whose hanging heads did seeme his carefult case to weepe.



# Januarie.

## Colins Embleme.

## Anchôra speme.

## GLOSSE.

*Colin Cloute*, is a name not greatly vsed, and yet haue I seene a Poëse of *M. Skeltons* vnder that title. But in deede the worde *Colin* is French, and vsed of the French Poet *Marot* ( if he be worthy of the name of a Poet ) in a certaine Aeglogue. Vnder which name this Poet secretly shadoweth himself, as some time did *Virgil* vnder the name of *Tityrus*, thinking it much fitter, the such Latine names, for the great vnlikely hood of the language.

*Vnnethes*, scarcely.

*Conthe*, commeth of the verbe *Conne*, that is, to know or to haue skill. As well interpreteth the same the worthy Sir *Tho. Smith* in his booke of gouernment : vwhereof I haue a perfect copie in vriting, lent me by his kinsman, & my verie singular good friend, *M. Gabriel Haruey*, as also of some other his most graue and excellent writings.

*Sythe*, time. Neighbour towne, the next town : expressing the *Latin* *Kicina*.  
*Stoure*, a fitt. *Sere*, vvithered.

His clovvnish giftes, imitateth *Virgils* verse,

*Rusticus es Corydon, nec munera curat Alexis.*

*Hobbinol*, is a fained country name, vtherby, it being so common & vsuall, seemeth to be hidden the person of some his verie speciall and most familiar friend, vvhom he entirely and extraordinarily beloued, as peraduenture shall be more largely declared hereafter. In this place seemeth to be some sauour of disorderly loue, vvwhich the learned call *Paderastice* : but it is gathered beside his meaning. For vvho that hath read *Plato* his Dialogue called *Alcybiades*, *Xenophon* and *Maximus Tyrius* of *Socrates* opinions, may easily perceiue, that such loue is much to bee alloyved and liked of, specially so ment, as *Socrates* vsed it : vvho sayeth, that in deede he loued *Alcybiades* extremely, yet not *Alcybiades* person, but his soule, vvwhich is *Alcybiades* ovne selfe. And so is *paderastice* much to be preferred before *Gyneraftice*, that is the loue vvwhich inflameth men vvith lust to vvard vvomankind. But yet let no man thinke, that herein I stand vvith *Lucian*, or his deuilish disciple *Vnicq. Aretina*, in defence of execrable and horrible sinnes of forbidden and vnlawfull fleshlinesse. Whose abhominable errour is fully confuted of *Perionius*, and others.

*I loue*, a pretie Epanorthosis in these two verses, and vvithall a Paronomasia or playing vvith the vvorde, vvhere he saith (*I loue thiske lasse alas, &c.*

*Rosalinde*, is also a feigned name, vvwhich being vvell ordered, vvill bevvray the very name of his loue and mistresse, vvhom by that name he colourerh. So as *Ouid* shadoweth his loue vnder the name of *Corynus*, vvwhich of some is supposed to be *Julia*, the Emperour *Augustus* his daughter, and vvife to *Agrippa*. So doth *Arantius Stella* euer vvhere call his Ladye *Astera* and *Ianthia*, albe it



be it is vvell knovven that her right name vvas *Violantilla* : as vvitnessteth *Stasius* in his *Epithalamium*. And so the famous Paragon of *Italy*, *Madonna Celsa* in her letters enuelopeth her selfe vnder the name of *Zima*, and *Petrona* vnder the name of *Bellochia*. And this generally hath bene a common custome of counterfeiting the names of secret Personages.

*Avail*, bring dovne.

Embleme.

*Ouerhaile*, dravve ouer.

His Embleme or Poetrie is here vnder added in Italian, *Anchóra speme*, the meaning vvhereof is, that notwithstanding his extreme passion and lucklesse loue, yet leaning on hope, he is somewhat recomforted.

Februarie.



Aegloga Secunda.

Argument.

**T**His Aeglogue is rather morall and generall, then bent to any secrete or particular purpose. It specially conteyneth a discourse of olde age, in the person of Thenot an olde Shepheard, who for his crookednesse and vnlustinesse, is scorned of Cuddie an unhappie Heardmans boye. The matter very well accordeth with the season of the moneth, the yeere now drooping, & as it were, drawing to his last age. For as in this

A.ij.

time



## Februarie.

time of yeere, so then in our bodies there is a dry and withering colde, which congealeth the crudled blood, and frieseth the wetherbeaten fleshe, with stormes of Fortune, and hoare frostes of Care. To which purpose the olde man telleth a tale of the Oake and the Bryer, so luely and so feelingly, as if the thing were set forth in some Picture before our eyes, more plainly could not appeare.

### CVDDIE. THENOT.

**A**h for pittie, will rancke Winters rage,  
These bitter blasts neuer ginne fast wage?  
The kene cold blowes through my beaten hyde,  
All as I were through the body gryde.  
My ragged rontes all shiver and shake,  
As doen high Towers in an earthquake:  
They wont in the wind wagge their wzigle tailes,  
Perke a Peacocke: but now it auailles.

### THENOT.

Lewdly complaineest thou laesie ladde,  
Of Winters wacke, for making thee sadde.  
Must not the world wend in his common course  
From good to badde, and from badde to worse,  
From worse vnto that is worst of all,  
And then returne to his former fall?  
Who will not suffer the stormie time,  
Where will he liue till the lustie prime?  
Helse haue I woꝛne out thise thirtie yeares,  
Some in much ioy, many in many feares:  
Yet neuer complained of cold nor heate,  
Of Sommers flame, nor of Winters threath:  
He euer was to Fortune soeman,  
But gently toke, that vngently came.  
And euer my flocke was my chiefe care,  
Winter or Sommer they mought well fare.

### CVDDIE.

No marueile Thenot, if thou can beare  
Cherefully the Winters wrathfull cheare:  
For age and Winter accoꝛd full nie,  
This chill, that cold, this crooked, that wyfe.  
And as the lowzing Wether looks downe,



So seemest thou like good friday to frowne,  
But my flowring youth is foe to frost,  
My shippe vnwont in stormes to be tost.

THENOT.

The soueraigne of seas he blames in vaine,  
That once seabaate, will to sea againe.  
So loytring liue you little heardgroomes,  
Keeping your beastes in the budded b2omes:  
And when the shining sunne laugheth once,  
You deemen, the Spring is come attonce.  
Tho gynne you, fond flies, the cold to scozne,  
And crowing in pypes made of greene cozne:  
You thinke to be Lords of the yeare,  
But est, when ye count you freed from feare.  
Comes the b2eme winter with chamfred b2owes,  
Full of wzinkles and frostie furrowes:  
Dzerily shooting his stormie darte,  
Which cruddles the blood, and pzicks the harte.  
Then is your carelesse courage accoyed,  
Pour carefull heards with cold bene annoyed.  
Then paye you the pzice of your surquedzie,  
With weeping, and wayling, and misery.

C V D D I E.

Ah foolish old man, I scozne thy skill,  
That wouldest me, my springing youth to spill.  
I deeme, thy bzaine emperished bee  
Through rustie elde, that hath rotted thee:  
O2 sicker thy head veray tottie is,  
So on thy corbe shoulder it leanes amisse.  
Now thy selfe hast lost both lopp and topp,  
Als my budding bzaunch thou wouldest cropp:  
But were thy yeares greene, as now bene mine,  
To other delights they would encline.  
Tho wouldest thou learne to caroll of Lone,  
And hery with hymnes thy lasses gloue.  
Tho wouldest thou pype of Phillis praise:  
But Phillis is mine for many dayes:

I wonne



## Februarie.

I wonne her with a gyrdle of gelt,  
Emboist with buegle about the belt.  
Such an one shepeheardes would make full faine :  
Such an one would make thee young againe.

THENOT.

Thou art a son, of thy lone to losse,  
All that is lent to loue, will be lost.

CVD D I E.

Seest, howe bzag yond Bullocke beares,  
So smirke, so smothe, his pricked eares?  
His hoznes bene as bzoad, as Katnebowe bent,  
His dewelap as lythe, as lasse of Kent.  
See howe he benteth into the wynde,  
Wlenest of loue is not his minde?  
Sameth thy flocke thy counsell can,  
So lustlesse bene they, so weake so wan,  
Clothed with cold, and hoarie with frost.  
Thy flockes father his courage hath lost :  
Thy Cwes, that wont to haue blownen bags,  
Like wailefull widdowes hangen their crags :  
The rather Lambes bene starued with cold,  
All for their Maister is lustlesse and old.

THENOT.

Cuddie, I wote thou kenst little good,  
So vainely taduaunce thy headlesse hood.  
For Yountgh is a bubble blown vp with bzeath,  
Whose witte is weakenesse, whose wage is death,  
Whose way is wildernesse, whose yhne Penauce,  
And stopegallaunt Age the holte of Greeuaunce.  
Bat shall I tell thee a tale of truth,  
Which I cond of Tityrus in my youth,  
Keping his shepe on the hils of Kent?

CVD D I E.

To nought moze Thenot, my minde is bent,  
Then to heare nouells of his deuise :  
They bene so well thewed, and so wise,  
What euer that good olde man bespeake.

Thenot,



## THE NOT.

Many méete tales of youth did he make,  
And some of loue, and some of cheualrie :  
But none fitter then this to applie.  
Now listen a while, and hearken the end.

There grewe an aged Tree on the gréene,  
A goodly Dake sometime had it bene,  
With armes full strong and largely displayd,  
But of their leaues they were disparayde :  
The bodie bigge, and mightily pight,  
Thoroughly rooted, and of wonderous hight :  
Whilome had bene the King of the field,  
And mochell mast to the husband did yielde,  
And with his nuts larded many swine.  
But now the gray mosse marred his rine,  
His bared boughes were beaten with stormes,  
His toppe was bald, and wasted with woymes,  
His honoꝝ decayed, his bzaunches sere.

Hard by his side grewe a bragging bzere,  
Which proudly thrust into Thelement,  
And seemed to thzeat the Firmament.  
It was embellisht with blossomes sayze,  
And thereto aye wonned to repayze  
The shepheards daughters, to gather flowres,  
To peinct their girlands with his colowres.  
And in his small bushes vled to shrowde  
The swéete Nightingale singing so lowde :  
Which made this foolish Bzere were so bold,  
That on a time he cast him to scold,  
And snebbe the good Dake for he was old.

Why standst there (quoth) thou bzutish blocke?  
For fruit, nor for shadowe serues thy stocke :  
Sést, how fresh my flowers bene spreadde,  
Dyed in Lilly white, and Cremsin redde,  
With Leaves engrained in lustie gréene,  
Colours méete to clothe a mayden Quéene.



## Februarie.

Thy wast bignes but combers the ground,  
And dirks the beantie of my blossomes round.  
The mouldie mosse, which thee accloyeth,  
By Sinamon smell too much annoyeth.  
Wherefore sone I rede thee hence remoue,  
Least thou the pꝛice of my displeasure pꝛoue.  
So spake this bold bzere with great disdain:  
Little him answered the Dake againe,  
But yeelded, with shame and grieve adawed,  
That of a weede he was ouerawed.

It chaunced after vpon a day,  
The Hus-bandman selſe to come that way,  
Of custome ſoꝛ to serue we his ground,  
And his trees of state in compasse round.  
Him when the spitefull bzere had espyed,  
Causlesse complained, and lowdly cryed  
Unto his Lord, stirring vp sterne strife:  
O my liege Lord, the God of my life,  
Pleaseth you ponder your Suppliants plaint,  
Caused of wrong, and cruell constraint,  
Which I your poꝛe Vassall dayly endure:  
And but your goodnes the same recure,  
Am like ſoꝛ desperate doole to die,  
Thꝛough felonous ſoꝛce of mine enemye.

Greatly agast with this piteous plea,  
Him rested the goodman on the lea,  
And badde the Bzere in his plaint pꝛoceede,  
With plained words tho gan this proude weede,  
(As most vlen Ambitious folke:)  
His coloured crime with craft to cloke.

Ah my soueraigne, Lord of creatures all,  
Thou placer of plants both humble and tall,  
Was not I planted of thine owne hand,  
To be the pꝛimrose of all thy land.  
With flowꝛing blossomes, to furnish the pꝛime,  
And scarlot berries in Sommer time?  
How falls it then, that this faded Dake,



Whose bodie is sere, whose bzaunches broke,  
 Whose naked Armes stretch vnto the fyre,  
 Vnto such tyzannie doth aspire :  
 Hindering with his shade my louely light,  
 And robbing me of the swæte sunnes sight :  
 So beate his old boughes my tender side,  
 That oft the bloud springeth from woundes wyde :  
 Vntimely my flowres forced to fall,  
 That bene the honoꝝ of your Cozonall.  
 And oft he lets his cancker woꝝmes light  
 Vpon my bzaunches, to woꝝke me moze spight :  
 And of his hoarie locks downe doth cast,  
 Where with my fresh flowzets bene defast.  
 For this, and many moze such outrage,  
 Crauing your goodlyhead to aswage.  
 The ranckorous rigour of his might,  
 Pought aske I, but onely to hold my right :  
 Submitting me to your good sufferance,  
 And praying to be garded from græuance.

To this this Dake cast him to replie  
 Well as he couth : but his enemye  
 Had kindled such coles of displeasure,  
 That the good man noulde stay his leasure,  
 But home him hasted with furious heate,  
 Encreasing his wꝝath with many a threate.  
 His harmefull Hatchet he hent in hand,  
 (Alas, that it so readie should stand)  
 And to the felde alone he spædeth,  
 (A little helpe to harme there nēdeth)  
 Anger nould let him speake to the trée,  
 Enaunter his rage mought cooled bee :  
 But to the roote bent his sturdie stroke,  
 And made many wounds in the wast Dake.  
 The Axes edge did oft turne againe,  
 As halfe vnwilling to cutte the graine :  
 Seemed, the sencelesse yꝝon did feare,  
 And to wꝝong holy eld did foꝝbeare.



## Februarie.

Foꝛ it had bene an auncient treē,  
Sacred with many a mysterē,  
And often crost with the pziestes crewe,  
And often halowed with holy water dewe.  
But like fantasies weren fowlerie,  
And bzoughten this Dake to this miserie.  
Foꝛ nought mought they quitten him from decay:  
Foꝛ fiercely the good man at him did laye.  
The blocke oft groned vnder the blow,  
And sighed to see his neare ouerthrow.  
In fine the Steele had pierced his pith,  
Tho downe to the earth he fell soꝛthwith:  
His wonderous weight made the ground to quake,  
The earth shꝛonke vnder him, and seemed to shake.  
There lyeth the Dake, pitied of none.

Now stands the Bzere like a Lord alone,  
Puffed vp with pryde and vaine pleasure:  
But all this glæ had no continuance.  
Foꝛ eftsoones Winter gan to appꝛoche,  
The blustering Bozeas did encroche,  
And beate vpon the solitarie Bzere:  
Foꝛ now no succour was sene him nere.  
Now gan he repent his pryde to late:  
Foꝛ naked left and disconsolable,  
The byting frost nipt his stalke dead,  
The watric wette weighed downe his head,  
And heaped snowe burdned him so soꝛe,  
That now he vpright he can stand no moꝛe:  
And being downe, is trode in the durt  
Of cattell, and bzouzed, and soꝛely hurt.  
Such was thend of this Ambitious bzere,  
Foꝛ scoꝛning Eld

### CVDDIE.

Now I pray the shepheard, tel it not soꝛth:  
Here is a long tale, and little woꝛth.  
So long haue I listened to thy speche,  
That grassed to the ground is my bꝛeche:



My hartblood is welnigh frozne I feele,  
And my galage growne fast to my heele:  
But little ease of thy lewd tale I tasted,  
Wie thee home shepheard, the day is nigh wasted.

Thenots Embleme.

*Iddio perche è vecchio,  
Fa suoi al suo essempro.*

Cuddies Embleme.

*Niuno vecchio,  
Spaventa Iddio.*

GLOSSE.

*Kene*, sharpe.

*Gride*, perced : an olde vword much vsed of *Lidgate*, but not found (that I knowv of) in Chaucer.

*Ronts*, young bullockes.

*VVracke*, ruine or Violence, whence cometh shipvvracke : and not wreake, that is vengeance or wrath.

*Foeman*, a foe.

*Thenot*, the name of a shepheard in Marot his Aeglogues.

*The soueraigne of Seas*, is Neptune the God of the seas. The saying is borrowed of Mimus Publianus, vvhich vsed this prouerb in a verse.

*Improbe Neptunum accusat, qui iterum naufragium facit.*

*Heardgromes*, Chaucers verse almost vvhole.

*Fond Flyes*, He compareth carelesse sluggardes or ill husbandmen to flyes, that so soone as the sunne shineth, or it vvaxeth any thing warme, beginne to flie abroad vvhenn sodeinly they be ouertaken vvith cold :

*But est when*, A very excellent and liuely description of Winter, so as may be indifferently taken, eyther for old Age, or for Winter season.

*Breme*, chill, bitter.

*Chamsfred*, chapt, or vvrinckled.

*Accoied*, plucked downe and daunted.

*Surque drie*, pryde.

*Elde*, olde age.

*Sicker*, sure.

*Tottie*, wauering.

*Corbe*, crooked.

*Herie*, vvorshippe.

*Phyllis*, the name of some maide vnknowven, vvhom Cuddie, vvwhose person is secrete, loued. The name is vsuall in Theocritus, Virgil, and Mantuane.

*Belte*, a girdle or vvast band.

*A son*, a soole.

*Lyshe*, soft & gentle.

*Venteth*, snuffeth in the vvind. *Thy flocks Father*, the Ramme.

*Craggs*, neckes.

*Rather Lambes*, that be eved early in the beginning of the yeere.

*Youth is*, A very morall and pitthy Allegorie of youth, and the lustes thereof, compared to a vvcarie vvayfaring man.

*Tityrus*, I suppose he meane Chaucer, vvwhose praise for pleasaunt tales can not dye, so long as the memorie of his name shal liue, and the name of Poetrie shall endure.



## Februarie.

*VVell shewed*, that is, *Bene morata*, full of mortall wisenesse.

*There grewe*, This tale of the Oake and the Brere, he telleth as learned of Chaucer, but it is cleane in another kind, and rather like to Aesopes fables. It is very excellent for pleasaunt descriptions, being altogether a certaine Icon or Hypotyposis of disdainfull younkers.

*Embellisht*, beautified and adorned. *To wonne*, to haunt or frequent. *Sneb*, checke.

*VVhy standst*, The speach is scornfull and very presumptuous. *Engrained*, dyed in graine.

*Accloseth*, accombreth.

*Adawed*, daunted & confounded.

*Trees of state*, taller trees fit for timber wood. *Sterne strafe*, said Chaucer f. fell and sturdie. *O my liege*, A maner of supplication, wherein is kindly coloured the affection and speache of Ambitious men.

*Coronall*, Garlande.

*Flourets*, young blossomes.

*The primrose*,

The chiefe and vvorthiest.

*Naked armes*, metaphorically ment of the bare boughes, spoyled of leaues. This colourably he speaketh, as adiudging him to the fire.

*The blood*, spoken of a blocke, as it were of a liuing creature, figuratiuely, and (as they say) *Kat' eikasmom*.

*Hoarie lockes*, metaphorically for vvithered leaues.

*Hent*, caught. *Nould*, for would not, *Ay*, euermore, *VVoonds*, gashes. *Enaunter*, least that.

*The priestes crewe*, holy water pot, wherwith the popish priest vsed to sprinkle & hallovv the trees from mischaunce. Such blindnes vvas in those times, vvich the Poet supposeth to haue bene the finall decay of this aunciēt Oake.

*The blocke oft groned*, A liuely figure, vvich giueth sence and feeling to vn-sensible creatures, as *Virgil* also sayth : *Saxa gemunt gaudio*, &c.

*Boreas*, The Northerne vvind, that bringeth the most stormie vveather.

*Glee*, cheere and iollitie.

*For scorning Eld*, And minding (as should seeme) to haue made ryme to the former verse, he is cūningly cut of by Cuddie, as disdainig to here any more.

*Galage*, a startuppe or clovvnish shoe.

Embleme.

This embleme is spoken of *Thenot*, as a morall of his former tale: namely, that God, vvich is himselfe most aged, being before all ages, & vvithout beginning, maketh those vvhom he loueth like to himselfe, in heaping yeares vnto their dayes, & blessing them vvith long life. For the blessing of age is not giuen to all, but vnto those, vvhom God vvill so blesse : & albeit that many euil men reache vnto such fulnesse of yeeres, & some also vvexe olde in miserie and thraldome, yet therefore is, not age euer the lesse blessing. For euen to such euill men such number of yeeres is added, that they may in their last dayes repent, & come to their first home. So the olde man checketh the rash-headed boy, for despising his gray and frostie heares.

Whom *Cuddie* doth counterbuff vvith a byting and bitter prouerbe, spoken in deede at the first in contempt of olde age generally. For it vvas an old opinion, and yet is continued, in some mens conceipt, that men of yeares haue no feare of God at all, or not so much as younger folke. For that being  
rypened



rypened vvith long experience, and hauing passed many bitter brunes and blastes of vengeance, they dread no stormes of Fortune, nor vvrath of Gods, nor daunger of men, as being either by long and rype vvisedome armed against all mischaunces and aduersitie, or vvith much trouble hardened against all troublesome tydes: lyke vnto the Ape, of vvhich is sayd in Aesops fables, that oftentimes meeting the Lyon, he vvvas at first sore agast and dismayed at the grimnesse and austeritie of his conntenance, but at last being acquainted vvith his lookes, he vvvas so furre from fearing him, that he vvould familiarly gybe and iest vvith him: Such long experience breedeth in some men securitie. Although it please Erasmus a great clerke and good olde father, more fatherly & fauourably to construe it in his Adages for his ovne behoofe, That by the prouerbe *Nemo Senex metuit Iouem*, is not meant, that olde men haue no feare of God at al, but that they be furre from superstition and Idolatrous regard of false Gods, as is *Iupiter*. But his great learning notwithstanding, it is too plaine, to be gainsaide, that olde men are much more enclined to such fond fooleries, then younger heades.

March.



*Ægloga Tertia.*

Argument.

**I**N this *Æglogue* two shepheardes boyes taking occasion of the season, beginne to make purpose of loue and other pleasure, which to springtime is most agreeable. The speciall meaning hereof is, to giue certaine markes and tokens, to know Cupid the Poet



## March.

*Poets God of Loue. But more particularly I thinke, in the person of Thomalin is meant some secret friend, who scorned Loue and his Knights so long, till at length him selfe was entangled, and vnwares wounded with the dart of some beautifull regard, which is Cupides arrowe.*

VVillye. Thomalin.

**T**homalin, why sytten we soe,  
As weren ouerwent with woe,  
Upon so fayre a morow?  
The ioyous time now nighest fast,  
That shall alegge this bitter blast,  
And slake the Winter sorowe.

Thomalin.

Sicker Willye, thou warnest well:  
For Winters wrath beginnes to quell,  
And pleasant spring appeareth.  
The grasse now ginnes to be refresh,  
The Swallow peepes out of her nest,  
And clowdie Welkin cleareth.

VVillye.

Seest not thilke same Hawthorne studdes,  
How bzagly it beginnes to budde,  
And utter his tender head?  
Flora now calleth forth eche flower,  
And bids make readie Maies bolwre,  
That newe is byryst from bedd.  
Tho shall we sporten in delight,  
And learne with Lettice to were light,  
That scornefully looks askaunce,  
Tho will we little Loue awake,  
That nowe slepeth in Lethe lake.  
And pray him leaden our daunce.

Thomalin.

Willye, I wene thou bee assot:  
For lustie Loue still slepeth not,  
But is abroad at his game.

Willye.

How kenst thou, that he is awake?



D<sup>o</sup> hast thy selfe his slomber broke?  
D<sup>o</sup> made priuie to the same?

Thomalin.

No, but happely I hym spide,  
Where in a bush he did him hide,  
With winges of purple and blew.  
And were not, that my sheepe would stray,  
The priuie markes I would bewray,  
Whereby by chaunce I him knewe.

Willye.

Thomalin, haue no care for thy,  
My selfe will haue a double eye,  
Vlike to my flocke and thine:  
For alas at home I haue a syre,  
A stepdame eke as wofull as fyre,  
That dewly adayes counts mine.

Thomalin.

Nay, but thy seeing will not serue,  
My sheepe for that may chaunce to serue,  
And fall into some mischiese.  
For sithens is but the third moone,  
That I chaunst to fall a sleepe with soone,  
And waked againe with grieve:  
The while thilke same vnhappie Que,  
Whose clouted legge her hurt doth shewe,  
Fell headlong into a dell.  
And there vniointed both her bones:  
Mought her necke bene iointed attones,  
She shoulde haue neede no more spell,  
Thelf was so wanton and so wode,  
(But now I frowe can better good)  
She mought ne gang on the greene,

Willye.

Let be, as may be, that is past:  
That is to come, let be forecast.  
Now tell vs, what thou hast seene.

Thomalin.

It was vpon a holiday,



## March.

When shepheardes growmes han leane to playe,  
I cast to goe a shooting.

Long wandring vp and downe the land,  
With bowe and bolts in either hand,

For birds in bushes tooting :  
At length within an Huie todde  
(There shrouded was the little God)

I heard a busie bustling.  
I bent my bolt against the bush,  
Listening if any thing did rushe,  
But then heard no more rustling.

Tho peeping close into the thicke,  
Might see the mouing of some quicke,  
Whose shape appeared not :

But were it faerie, feend, or snake,  
My courage earnd it to awake,  
And manfully thereat shotte.

With that sprong forth a naked swayne,  
With spotted winges like Peacocks frayne,  
And laughing lope to a tre.

His gylden quiver at his backe,  
And siluer bowe, which was but slacke,  
Which lightly he bent at me.

That seeing I, leuelde againe,  
And shot at him with might and maine,  
As thicke, as it had hayled.

So long I shot, that al was spent :  
Tho pumie stones I hastily bent,  
And threwe: but nought abailed :

He was so wimble, and so wight,  
From bough to bough he lepped light,  
And oft the pumies latched.

Therewith affrayd I ranne away :  
But he, thast earst seemd but to playe,  
A shaft in earnest snatched,

And hit me running in the heele:  
For then I little smart did feele:

But



But soon it soze encreased.  
And now it ranckleth moze and moze,  
And inwardly it festreth soze,  
He wote I, how to cease it.

Willye.

Thomalin, I pittie thy plight.  
Perdie with loue thou diddest fight :.  
I knowe him by a token.  
For once I heard my father say,  
How he him caught vpon a day,  
(Whereof he wil be woken)  
Entangled in a fowling net,  
Which he for carrion Crowes had set,  
That in our Peretree haunted.  
Tho sayd, he was a winged lad,  
But bowe and shafts as then none had :  
Els had he soze be daunted.  
But see the Welkin thicks apace,  
And stouping Phoebus steepes his face :  
Its time to hast vs homewarde.

Willyes Embleme.

To be wise and eke to loue,  
Is graunted scarce to God aboue.

Thomalins Embleme.

Of Hony and of Gaule in loue there is store:  
The Hony is much, but the Gaule is more.

GLOSSE.

This Aeglogue seemeth somevvhat to resemble that same of *Theocritus*,  
vvherein the boy likewise telling the old man, that he had shot at a winged  
boy in a tree, vvvas by him vvvarned, to bevvare of mischiefe to come.

Ouer went, ouergone.  
To quell, to abate.

Allege, to lesson or aswage,  
VVelkin, the skie.

The swallow, vvvhich bird vseth to be counted the messenger, and as it vvvere,  
the forerunner of spring.

Flora, the Goddesse of floures, but in deede (as saith *Tacitus*) a famous har-  
lot, vvvhich vvith the abuse of her body hauing gotten great riches, made the  
people



## March.

people of Rome her heyre : vvhich in remembrance of so great beneficence, appoynted a yeerely feast for the memoriall of her, calling her, not as shee vvas, nor as some doe thinke, *Andronica*, but *Flora* : making her the Goddesse of all flovvres, and doing yeerely to her solemne sacrifice.

*Maia* bowre, that is the pleasaunt fiede, or rather the Maye bushes. *Maia* is a Goddesse and the mother of *Mercurie*, in honour of vvhom the moneth of Maye is of her name so called, as sayth *Macrobius*.

*Lettice*, the name of some countie lasse.

*Ascaunce*, askeve or asquine.

*For thy*, therefore.

*Lethe*, is a lake in hell, vvhich the Poets call the lake of forgetfulnesse. For *Lethe* signifieth forgetfulnesse. Wherein the soules being dipped, dyd forget the cares of their former lyfe. So that by long sleeping in *Lethe* lake, he meaneth he vvas almost forgotten and out of knowlege, by reason of Winters hardnesse, when all pleasures as it were, sleepe and vveare out of minde.

*Afforte*, to dote.

*His slomber*, To breake Loues slomber, is to exercise the delightes of Loue and vvantion pleasures.

*VVinges of purple*, so is he feyned of the Poetes.

*For als*, he imitateth Virgils verse.

*Est mihi namque domus pater, est iniusta nouerca &c.*

*A dell*, a hole in the ground.

*Spell*, is a kind of verse or charme, that in elder times they vsed often to say ouer euerye thing, that they vvoulde haue preserued, as the Nightspel for theeues, and the vvodspel. And herehence I thinke is named the Gospell, as it vvare Gods spell or vvorde. And so sayth Chaucer, Listeneth Lordings to my spell.

*Gange*, goe.

*An Yuse todde*, a thicke bushie.

*Swaine*, a boye : For so is he described of the Poets, to be a boye. f. alvvayes freshe & lustie : blindfolded, because he maketh no difference of Personages, vvith diuers coloured vvinges, f. full of flying fancies : vvith bowe & arrow, that is vvith glaunce of beautie, vvhich pricketh as a forked arrow. He is said also to haue shaftes, some leaden, some golden : that is, both pleasure for the gracious and loued, and sorow for the lover that is disdayned or forsaken. But vvho liste more at large to beholde Cupids colours and furniture, let him reade either *Propertius*, or *Moschus* his *Idyllion* of vvandring loue, being novve most excellently translated into Latine by the singuler learned man *Angelus Politianus* : vvhich vvorke I haue seene amongst other of this Poets doyns, very vvell translated also into English Rymes.

*VVimble and wighte*, Quicke and deliuer.

*In the heele*, is very Poetically spoken, and not vvithout speciall iudgement. For I remember, that in *Homer* it is sayd of *Thetis*, that shee tooke her young babe *Achilles* being nevvely borne, and holding him by the heele, dipped him in the Riuer of *Stryx*. The vertue vvhereof is, to defend and keepe the bodyes vvashed therein from any mortall vvounde. So *Achilles* being vvashed all quer, saue onely his heele, by vvhich his mother held, vvas in the rest invulner-able : therefore by *Paris* vvas feyned to bee shotte vvith a poysoned arrowe in



In the heele, vvholes he vvvas busie about the marrying of *Polyxena* in the temple of *Apollo*. Which mysticall fable *Enstathius* unfolding, sayth: that by wounding the heele, is meant lustfull loue. For from the heele (as say the best Physicians) to the priuie partes there passe certaine veines and slender synneues, as also the like come from the head, and are carryed lyke little pypes behynd the eares: so that (as sayth *Hippocrates*) if those veynes there be cut a sonder, the partie straight becommeth cold and vnfruitfull. Which reason our Poet vvell vveighing, maketh this shepheards boye of purpose to be vvounded by Loue in the heele.

*Latched, caught.*

*VVroken, reuenged.*

For once, In this tale is sette out the simplicitie of shepheardes opinion of Loue.

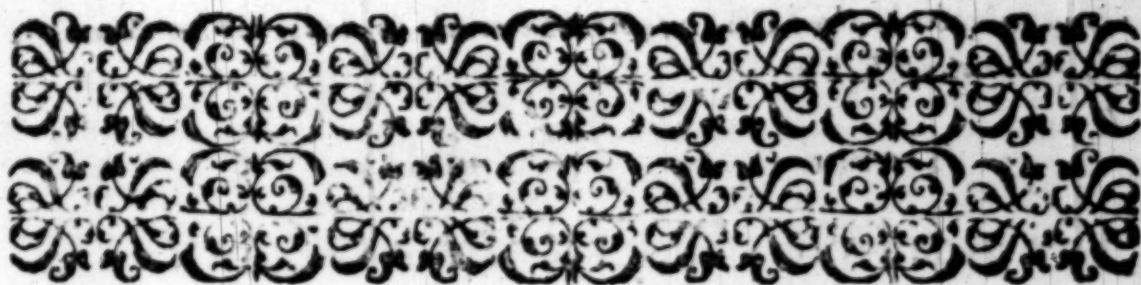
*Stouping Phæbus*, Is a Periphrasis of the sunne setting.

Embleme.

Hereby is meant, that all the delightes of Loue, vvhercin vvanton youth vuallovveth, be but follye mixt vvith bitternesse, and sorow savved vvith repentance. For besides that the very affection of Loue it selfe tormenteth the mynde, and vexeth the body many vvayes, vvith vnrestfulness all night, and vwearinesse all day, seeking for that vvee can not haue, and finding that wee woulde not haue: euen the selfe things vvich best before vs lyked, in course of time, and chaunge of ryper yeeres, vvich also therevvithall chaungeth our vvonted lyking and former fantasies, vvyl then seeme lothsome and breede vs annoyaunce, vvhen youthes floure is vvithered, and vve fynde our bodyes and vvittes aunsvvere not to suche vayne iollitie and lustfull pleasure.

C.iii.

*Acloga*





April.



## *Ægloga Quarta.*

### Argument.

**T**His Æglogue is purposely intended to the honor and prayse of our most gracious soueraigne, Queene Elizabeth. The speakers herein be Hobbinoll and Thenot, two shepherdes: the which Hobbinoll being before mentioned, greatly to haue loued Colin, is here set forth more largely, complayning him of that boyes great misadventure in Loue, whereby his minde was alienate and with drawne not onely from him, who most loued him, but also from all former delights and studies, as well in pleasaunt pyping, as cunning ryming and singing, and other his laudable exercises. Whereby he taketh occasion for prooffe his more excellencie and skill in Poetrie, to reorde a song, which the sayd Colin sometime made in honor of her Maiestie, whom abruptly he termeth Elysa.

Thenot.

Hobbinoli.

**T**ell me good Hobbinoll, what garres thée gréeke?  
 What? hath some Wolfe thy tender Lambes ytozne?  
 Or is thy Bagpype broke, that soundes so sweete?  
 Or art thou of thy loued lasse forlozne?

Or bene thine eyes attemptzed to the yeare,  
 Quenching the gasping furrowes thirst with rayne?

Like



Like April shoure, so stremes the trickling teares  
Adolone thy cheeke, to quenche thy thirstie paine.

Hobbinoll.

For this, nor that, so much doeth make me mourne,  
But for the ladde, whome long I lobb so deare,  
Howe loues a lasse, that all his loue doth scozne:  
He plunged in payne, his tressed locks dooth teare.

Shepheards delights he dooth them all forswear,  
His pleasaunt Pipe, which made vs meriment,  
He wilfully hath broke, and doth forbear  
His wonted songs, wherein he all outwent.

Thenot.

What is he for a Ladde, you so lament?  
His loue such pinching paine to them, that proue:  
And hath he skill to make so excellent,  
Yet hath so little skill to brydle loue?

Hobbinoll.

Colin thou kenst, the Southerne shepheardes boye:  
Him Loue hath wounded with a deadly darte,  
Whilome on him was all my care and ioye,  
Forcing with gyfts to winne his wanton heart.

But now from me his madding minde is starte,  
And woes the Widdowes daughter of the glenne:  
So now we saye Rosalind hath bredde his smart,  
So now his friend is chaunged for a frenne.

Thenot.

But if his ditties bene so trimly dight,  
I pray thee Hobbinoll, recorde some one:  
The whiles our flockes doe graze about in sight,  
And we close shrowded in this shade alone.

Hobbinoll.

Contented I: then will I sing his laye  
Of saye Elisa, Quene of shepheardes all:  
Which once he made, as by a spring he laye,  
And tuned it vnto the Waters fall.



April.

**Y**e daintie Nymphs, that in this blessed Brooke  
doe bathe your brest,  
Forsake your watrie bowzes, and hether looke,  
at my request :  
And eke you Virgins, that on Parnasse dwell,  
Whence floweth Helicon the learned well,  
Helpe me to blaze  
Her worthy praise,  
Which in her secret hath excell.  
Of fayre Elisa be your sister long,  
that blessed wight :  
The flowre of Virgins, may shee flourish long,  
In princely plight.  
For shee is Syrinx daughter without spotte,  
Which Pan the shepheards God of her begot :  
So sprong her grace  
Of heavenly race,  
No mortall blemishe may her blotte.  
See, where she sits vpon the grassie graine,  
(O seemely sight)  
Vclad in Scarlet like a mayden Queene,  
And Crimines white.  
Upon her head a Cremosin cozonet,  
With Damaske roses and Daffadillies set :  
Wayleaves betweene,  
And Primroses Greene  
Embellish the sweete Violet.  
Tell me, haue ye seene her angelike face,  
Like Phoebe fayre ?  
Her heavenly haueour, her princely grace  
can you well compare ?  
The Kedde rose medled with the White yfere,  
In either cheek depeinted liuely chere,  
Her modest eye,  
Her Maiestie.  
Where haue you seene the like, but there ?



I sawe Phoebus thrust out his golden hedde,  
 vpon her to gaze :  
 But when he saw, how broads her beames did spred,  
 it did him amaze.  
 He blusht to see another Sunne belowe,  
 He durst againe his fire face out shoue:  
 Let him, if he dare,  
 His brightnesse compare  
 With hers, to haue the ouerthrowe.  
 Shewe thy selfe Cynthia with thy siluer rayes,  
 and be not abasht :  
 When shee the beames of her beautie displayes,  
 How art thou dasht?  
 But I will not match her with Latonaes seede,  
 Such follie great sorow to Niobe did breede,  
 Now she is a stone,  
 And makes dayly mone,  
 Warning all other to take heed.  
 Pan may be proud, that euer he begot  
 such a Bellibone,  
 And Syrinx reioyce, that euer was her lot  
 to beare such an one.  
 Soone as my younglings cryen for the dam,  
 To her will I offer a milkwhite Lamb :  
 Shee is my goddesse plaine,  
 And I her shepherds swayne,  
 Albee forswonck and forswatt I am.  
 I see Calliope speede her to the place,  
 where my Goddesse shines :  
 And after her the other Muses trace,  
 With their Vielines.  
 Were they not Bay braunches, which they doe beare,  
 All for Elisa in her hand to weare?  
 So sweetely they play,  
 And sing all the way,  
 That it a heauen is to heare.



## April.

Lo how finely the graces can it soote  
to the Instrument:  
They dauncen deffly, and singen soote,  
in their meriment.  
Wants not not a fourth grace, to make the daunce euene:  
Let that rolme to my Lady be yeuen:  
She shalbe a grace,  
To fyll the fourth place,  
And reigne with the rest in heauen.  
And whither rennes this benie of Ladies bzight,  
raunged in a rowe?  
They bene all Ladyes of the lake behight,  
that vnto her goe.  
Chlores, that is the chiefest Pymph of all,  
Of Olue bzaunches beares a Cozonall:  
Olues bene for peace,  
When wars doe surcease:  
Such for a Pzincesse bene pzincipall.  
Ye shepheards daughters, that dwell on the greene,  
bye you there apace:  
Let none come there, but that Virgins bene,  
to adorne her grace.  
And when you come, whereas shee is in place,  
See, that your rudenesse doe not you disgrace:  
Binde your fillets faste,  
And gird in your waste,  
For more finesse, with a tawdrie lace.  
Bring hether the Pincke and purple Cullambine,  
with Belliflowres:  
Bring Coronations, and Sops in wine,  
wozne of Paramoures.  
Strowe me the ground with Daffadownillies,  
And Cowslips, and Kingcups, and loued Lillies:  
The pretie Pawanee,  
And the Chenisaunce.  
Shall match with the fayre flowze Delice,



Now ryle vp Elisa, decked as thou art,  
 in royall aray:  
 And now ye daintie Damsells may depart  
 eche one her way,  
 I feare, I haue troubled your troupes too long:  
 Let dame Elisa thanke you for her song.  
 And if you come hether,  
 When Damsines I gether,  
 I will part them all you among.

Thenot.

And was thilk same song of Colins owne making?  
 Ah foolish boy, that is with loue yblent:  
 Great pittie is, he be in such taking,  
 For naught caren, that bene so letwoly bent.  
 Hobbinoll.

Sicker I hold him, for a greater son,  
 That loues the thing, he cannot purchase.  
 But let vs homeward for night draweth on,  
 And twinkling starres the daylight hence chase.

Thenots Embleme.

*O quam te memorem virgo?*

Hobbinolls Embleme.

*O dea certe.*

GLOSSE.

*Gars thee greete*, causeth thee vveepe and complaine. *Forlorne*, left and forsaken.

*Attempted to the yeere*, agreeable to the season of the yeere, that is Aprill, which moneth is most bent to shoures & seasonable rayne: to quench, that is, to delay the drought, caused through drynesse of March vvyndes.

*The ladde*, Colin Clout. *The lasse*, Rosalinda. *Tressed locks*, wethered & curled.

*Is he for a ladde*, A straunge maner of speaking. f. vwhat maner of Lad is he?

*To make*, to rime and versifie. For in this vvord making, our olde Englishe Poetes were vvont to comprehend all the skill of Poetrie, according to the Greeke vvord *Poiein*, to make, vvhence commeth the name of Poets.

*Colin thou kenst*, knowest. Seemeth hereby that Colin perteyneth to some Southerne noble man, and perhappes in Surrye or Kent, the rather bicause



April.

he so often nameth the Kentish downs; and before, *Laurel* as laste of Kent.

*The VVidowes*, He calleth Rosalind, the Widowes daughter of the glenne; that is, of a country Hamlet or borough, which I thinke is rather saide to colour and concele the person, then simply spoken. For it is vvell knowen, euen in spight of *Colin* & *Hobbinoll*, that she is a Gentlewoman of no meane house, nor endewed vwith any vulgar and common gifts both of nature & maners: but such in deede, as neede neither *Colin* be ashamed to haue her made knownen by his verses, nor *Hobbinoll* be greued, that so she should be comended to immortalitie for her rare and singular Vertues: Specially deseruing it no lesse, then either *Myrto* the most excellent Poet *Theocritus* his dearing, or *Lauretta* the diuine Petrarches Goddesse, or *Himera* the vvorthe Poet *Stesichorus* his Idole: Vpon vvhom he is saide so much to haue doted, that in regard of her excellencie, he scorned to write against the beaultie of *Helena*. For which his presumptuous and vnheedie hardinesse, he is said by vengeance of the Gods, thereat being offended, to haue lost both his eyes.

*Frenne*, a straunger. The vvord I thinke vvas first poetically put, and aftervvard vsed in common custome of speache for forenne.

*Dight*, adorned. *Loye*, a songe. as *Roundelays* and *Virelayes*.

In all this song is not to be respected, what the vvorthe of her Maiestie deserueth, nor what to the highnesse of a Prince is agreeable, but what is most comely for the meannesse of a shepheards wit, or to conceiue, or to vtter. And therfore he calleth her *Elysa*, as through rudenesse tripping in her name: & a shepheards daughter, it being very vnfit, that a shepheards boy brought vp in the shepefold, should know, or euer seme to haue heard of a Queenes roialty.

*Ye daintie*, is, as it vv ere an *Exordium ad prapandos animos*.

*Virgins*, the nine Muses, daughters of *Apollo* and *Memorie*, vv hose abode the Poets faine to be on *Parnassus*, a hill in Grece, for that in that countrey specially florished the honor of all excellent studies.

*Helicon*, is both the name of a fountaine at the foote of *Parnassus*, and also of a mountaine in *Boætia*, out of which floweth the famous Spring *Castalius*, dedicate also to the Muses: of vv hich spring it is sayd, that vv hen *Pegasus* the vv inged horse of *Perseus* (vv hereby is meant fame & flying renowme) strooke the ground with his hooft, sodenly thereout sprange a well of most cleare & pleasaunt vv ater, vv hich fro thence was consecrate to the Muses and Ladyes of learning.

*Your silver song*, seemeth to imitate the lyke in *Hesiodus argureen melos*.

*Syrinx*, is the name of a Nympe of *Arcadie*, vv ho vv hen *Pan* being in loue pursued, she flying from him, of the Gods vv as turned into a reede. So that *Pan* catching at the Reedes in steede of the Damosell, and puffing hard (for he vv as almost out of vv inde) vv ith his breath made the Reedes to pype: vv hich he seeing, tooke of them, and in remembraunce of his lost Ioue, made him a pype thereof. But here by *Pan* and *Syrinx* is not to be thought, that the shepheard simplie meant those Poeticall Gods: but rather supposing (as seemeth) her graces progenie to be diuine and immortal (so as the Paynims were wont to Iudge of all Kings and Princes, according to *Homers* Iaying,

*Thumos*



*Thumos de megale esti diotrepheos basileas,*

*Time d'ek dos esti, philei de e metieta Zen,)*

could deuise no parents in his iudgement so vvorthe for her, as Pan the shepheardes God, and his best beloued Syrinx. So that by Pan is here meant the most famous and victorious King, her highnesse Father, late of vvorthe memorie King Henrie the eight. And by that name, oftentimes (as hereafter appeareth) be noted kings and mightie Potentates: And in some place Christ himselfe, who is the verie Pan and God of Shepheards.

*Cremosin coronet*, he deuiseh her crowne to be of the finest and most delicate flowers, in stede of perles and precious stones, vvhervvith Princes Diademes vse to be adorned and embost.

*Embellish*, beautifie and set out.

*Phebe*, the Moone, vvhom the Poets faine to be sister vnto Phoebus, that is the Sunne.

*Medled*, mingled.

*Yfere*, together. By the mingling of the Redde rose and the White, is ment the vniting of the tyvo principall houses of Lancaster & of Yorke: by vvhose long discorde and deadlye debate, this Realme many yeeres vvas sore trauailed, and almost cleane decayed. Till the famous Henrie the seueneth, of the line of Lancaster, taking to vyfse the most vertuous Princesse Elizabeth, daughter to the fourth Edwarde of the house of Yorke, begat the most royal Henrie the eight aforesaide, in vvhom vvas the first vnion of the Whyte Rose and the Redde.

*Calliope*, one of the nine Muses: to vvhō they assigne the honor of all Poetical Invention, and the first glory of the Heroicall verse, other say, that she is the Goddesse of Rhetorick: but by Virgil it is manifest, that they mystake the thing. For there in his Epigrams, that arte seemeth to be attributed to Polymnia, saying: *Signat cuncta manu, loquiturque Polymnia gestu.* vvhich seemeth specially to be meant of Action and elocution, both speciall partes of Rhetorick: besyde that her name, vvhich (as some construe it) importeth great remembraunce, conteyneth another parte. But I holde rather vwith them, vvhich call her Polymnia or Polyhymnia of her good singing.

*Bay branches*, be the signe of honor and victorie, and therefore of myghtie Conquerours vvorne in their triumphes, and eke of famous Poets, as sayth Petrarch in his Sonets.

*Arbor vittoriosa triumphale,*

*Honor d' Imperadori & di Poëci, &c.*

*The Graces*, be three sisters, the daughters of Iupiter, (vvhose names are *Aglaia*, *Thalia*, *Euphrosyne*, and *Homer* onely addeth a fourth, i. *Pasithea*) other vyfse called *Charites*, that is thanks. Whom the Poets feyned to bee Goddeses of all bountie and comelinesse, vvhich therefore (as sayth *Theodontus*) they make three, to wete, that men first ought to bee gracious and bountifull to other freely, then to receiue benefites at other mens handes curteously, and thirdly to requite them thankfully: vvhich are three sundrie Actions in liberallitie. And *Boccace* saith, that they be painted naked, (as they vvere in dede on the tombe of C. Iulius Caesar) the one hauing her backe toward vs, & her face fromwarde, as proceeding from vs: the other tyvo toward vs, notyng



## April.

double thanke to be due to vs for the benefit, vve haue done.

*Deaffly*, Finely and nimbly. *Sootie*, Svvetie. *Meriment*, Mirth.

*Beuie*, A beuie of Ladies, is spoken figuratiuely for a company or troupe, the terme is taken of Larkes For they say a Beuie of Larkes, euen as a Couey of Partridge, or an eye of Pheasaunts.

*Ladies of the Lake*, be Nymphes. For it vvas an old opinion among the aun-  
cient Heathen, that of euery spring and fountaine vvas a goddesse the Soue-  
raigne. Which opinion stucke in the mindes of mē not many yeeres sithence,  
by meanes of certaine fine fablers & loud lyers, such as vvere the Authors of  
king Arthur the great and such like, vwho tell many an vnlavvfull leasing of  
the Ladies of the Lake, that is, the Nymphes. For the vvorde Nymphe in  
Greeke signifieth Well vvater, or othervvise a Spouse or Bryde.

*Bedight*, called or named.

*Cloris*, the name of a Nymph, and signifieth greenesse, of vvho is sayd, that  
Zephyrus the Westernne vvinde being in loue vvith her, and coueting her to  
vvife, gaue her for a dovvrre, the chiefedome and soueraigntie of all flovvres  
and greene herbes, growing on earth.

*Oliues bene*, The Oliue vvas vvont to be the ensigne of Peace & quietnesse,  
either for that it cannot be planted & pruned, and so carefully looked to, as it  
ought, but in time of peace: or els for that the Oliue tree, they say, vvill not  
growe neare the Firre tree, vvich is dedicate to Mars the God of battaile, &  
vsed most for speares and other instrumentes of vvare. Whereupon is finely  
feigned, that vvhen Neptune and Minerua strove for the naming of the Citie  
of Athens, Neptune striking the ground vvith his mace, caused a horse to come  
forth, that importeth vvare, but at Mineruaes stroke sprong out an Oliue, to  
note that it should be a nurse of learning, and such peaceable studies.

*Binde your*, Spoken rudely, and according to shepheards simplicitie.

*Bring*, all these be names of flovvers. Sops in vvine a flovvre in colour much  
like to a Coronation, but differing in smell and quantitie. Flovvre delice,  
that vvich they vse to misterme, Flovvre deluce, beyng in Latine called *Flos  
delstiarum*.

*A Bellibone*, or a Bonibell, homely spoken for a faire mayde or Bonilasse.

*Forswonck and forswatt*, ouerlaboured and sunneburnt.

*I saw Pharus*, the sunne. A sensible Narration, and present viewv of the  
thing mentioned, vvich they call *Paronsia*.

*Cynthia*, the Moone so called of *Cynthus* a hyll, vvhere she vvas honoured.

*Latonaes seede*, Was *Apollo* and *Diana*. Whom vvhen as *Niope* the vvife of  
*Amphion* scorned, in respect of the noble fruit of her vvombe, namely her seuē  
sonnes, & so many daughters, *Latona* being thervvith displeased, commaun-  
ded her sonne *Pharus* to slea all the sonnes, & *Diana* al the daughters: where-  
at the vnfortunate *Niope* being sore dismayed, and lamenting out of measure,  
vvas feigned of the Poetes to be turned into a stone vpon the sepulchre of her  
children, for vvich cause the shephearde sayth, he vvill not compare her to  
them, for feare of like misfortune.

*Now rise*, is the conclusion. For hauing so decked her vvith praises & com-  
parisons, he returneth all the thanke of hys labour to the excellencie of her  
Maiestie.

*VVhen*



April.

fol. 16.

When Damfins, A base revvard of a clovnish giuer.  
Yblens, Y, is a poetickall addition, blent blinded.

Embleme.

This Poetic is taken out of *Virgil*, and there of him vsed in the person of *Aeneas* to his mother *Venus*, appearing to him in likenesse of one of *Dianes* damosells : being there most diuinely set forth. To vvhich similitude of diuinitie *Hobbinoll* comparing the excellencie of *Elisa*, & being through the vvorthinesse of *Colins* song, as it vvere, ouercome vvith the hugenessse of his imagination, brusteth out in great admiration, (*O quam te memorem virgo?*) beyng othervvise vnable, then by soddein silence, to expresse the vvorthinesse of his conceipt. Whom *Thener* ansvvereth vvith another parte of the like verse, as confirming by his graunt and approuaunce, that *Elisa* is no vvhit inferiour to the Maiestie of her, of vvhom the Poet so boldly pronounced, *O dea certe.*

Maye.



## Ægloga Quinta.

### ARGVMENT.

IN this first *Æglogue*, vnder the persons of two shepbeardes *Piers* and *Palinode*, he represented two formes of pastoures or Ministers, or the protestant and the Catholique : whose chiefe talke standeth in reasoning, whether the life of the one must be like the other, with whom hauing shewed, that it is dangerous to mainteine any fellowship, or giue too much credite to their colourable and feyned good will, he telleth him a tale of the Foxe, that by such a counterpoint of craftinesse deceived and denoued the credulous kiddes.

Palinode.



## May.

Palinode.

Piers.

I S not thilke the mery moneth of May,  
When loue lads masken in fresh aray?  
How falles it then, we no merrier beene,  
Like as others, girt in galudy greene?  
Our bloncket liueryes bene all to sadde,  
For thilke same season, when all is ycladd  
With pleasaunce: the ground with grasse, the Woods  
With greene leaues, the bushes with blooming Buds.  
Poughthes folke now flocken in euery where,  
To gather May bus-kets and smelling bzere:  
And home they hasten the postes to dight,  
And all the kirke pillours eare day light,  
With Hawthorne buds, and sweete Eglantine,  
And girlonds of Roses and Sopps in wine.  
Such merimake holy Saints doth queme,  
But we here sytten as drownd in a dreme.

### PIERS.

For Pounkers Palinode such follies fitte,  
But we tway bene men of elder witte.

### PALINODE.

Sicker this morowe, ne lenger agoe,  
I sa we a shole of shepheardes outgoe,  
With singing, and shouting, and iolly chere:  
Befoze them yode a lustie Tabrere,  
That to the many a Ho:ne pype playd,  
Whereto they dauncen eche one with his mayd.  
To see those folkes make such iouysaunce,  
Made my heart after the pype to daunce.  
Tho to the greene Wood they speeden hem all,  
To fetchen home May with their musicall:  
And home they bringen in a royall throne,  
Crowned as king: and his Quene attone  
Was Lady Flora, on whom did attend  
A fayze flocke of faeries, and a fresh bend.



Of louely Nymphs. (O that I were there,  
To helpe the Ladies their Maybushe beare)  
Ah Piers, bene not thy teeth on edge, to thinke,  
How great sport they gaynen with little swinck.

PIERS.

Werdie so farre am I from enuie,  
That their fondnesse inly I pitie.  
Those faytours little regarden their charge,  
While they letting their sheepe runne at large,  
Passen their time, that should be sparely spent,  
In lustihede and wanton meryment.  
Thilke same bene shepheards for the Deuils fedde,  
That playen, while their flockes be vnfedde.  
Well is it sene, their sheepe bene not their owne,  
That letten them runne at randon alone.  
But they bene byred for little pay  
Of other, that caren as little as they,  
What fallen the flocke, so they han the fleece,  
And get all the gayne, paying but a peece.  
I muse, what account both these will make,  
The one for the hire, which he doth take,  
And thother for leauing his Lords tal-ke,  
When gread Pan account of shepheardes shall al-ke.

PALINODE.

Sicker now I see thou speakest of spight,  
All for thou lackest somdele their delight.  
I (as I am) had rather be enuied,  
All were it of my foe, then sonly pitied:  
And yet if neede were, pitied would be,  
Rather, then other should scozne at me:  
For pittied is mishappe, that nas remedie,  
But scozned bene deedes of fond foolerie.  
What shoulde shepheards other things tend,  
Then sith their God his good does them send,  
Reapen the fruite thereof, that is pleasure,  
The while they here liuen, at ease and leasure:  
For when they bene dead, their good is ygoe,

C.i.

They



## Maye.

They sleepe in rest, well as other moe.  
Who with them wends, what they spent in cost,  
But what they left behind them, is lost.  
God is no god, but if it be spend:  
God giueth good for none other end,

### PIERS.

Oh Palinode, thou art a worldes childe:  
Who touches Witch mought needes be defilde.  
But shepheards (as Algrind bled to say,)  
Mought not liue ylike, as men of the laye:  
With them it sits to care for their heire,  
Enaunter their heritage doe impaire:  
They must prouide for meanes of maintenaunce,  
And to continue their wont countenaunce.  
But shepheard must walke another way,  
Sike worldly souenance he must forsay.  
The sonne of his loines why he should regard  
To leaue enriched with that he hath spard:  
Should not thinke God, that gaue him that good,  
Eke cherish his child, if in his wayes he stood:  
For if he misliue in leudnes and lust,  
Little bootes all the wealth and the trust,  
That his father left by inheritaunce:  
All will be sone wasted with misgouernaunce.  
But through this, and other their miscreaunce,  
They maken many a wrong chevisaunce,  
Heaping vp waues of welth and woe,  
The floddes whereof shall them ouerflowe.  
Sike mens follic I cannot compare  
Better then to the Apes folish care,  
That is so enamoured of her young one,  
(And yet God wote, such cause hath she none)  
That with her hard holo, and straight embracing,  
She stoppeth the breath of her youngling.  
So often times, when as good is meant,  
Quill ensueth of wrong entent.

The time was once, and may againe retozne,



(For ought may happen, that hath bene before)  
 When shepheards had none inheritaunce,  
 Of land, nor fee in sufferance:  
 But what might arise of the bare sheepe,  
 (Were it more or lesse) which they did keepe.  
 Well ywis was it with shepheards thoe:  
 Nought hauing, nought feared they to forgoe,  
 For Pan himselfe was their inheritaunce,  
 And little them serued for their maintenaunce.  
 The shepheards God so well them guided,  
 That of nought they were vnprovided,  
 Butter enough, honye, milke, and whay,  
 And their flockes fleeces, them to araye.  
 But tract of time, and long prosperitie:  
 That nource of vice, this of insolencie,  
 Lulled the shepheards in such securitie,  
 That not content with loyall obeyssaunce,  
 Some gan to gape for grædic gouernaunce,  
 And match them selfe with mightie potentates,  
 Louers of Lordship and troublers of states:  
 Tho gan shepheards swaines to looke a loft,  
 And leaue to liue hard, and learne to ligge soft:  
 Tho vnder colour of shepheards, some while  
 There crept in Wolues, full of fraude and guile,  
 That often deuoured their owne sheepe,  
 And often the shepheards, that did hem keepe.  
 This was the first sourse of shepheards sorowe,  
 That now will be quitt with baile, nor borrowe.

PALINODE.

Three things to beare, bene very burdenous,  
 But the fourth to forbear, is outragious.  
 Whemmen that of Loues longing once lust,  
 Hardly forbear, but haue it they must:  
 So when choler is inflamed with rage,  
 Wanting reuenge, is hard to asswage:  
 And who can counsell a thirstie soule,  
 With patience to forbear the offred boole?

E.g.

But



## Maye.

But of all burdens, that a man can beare,  
Moste is, a fooles talke to beare and to heare.  
I wene the Geaunt has not such a weight,  
That beares on his shoulders the heauens height.  
Thou findest faulte, where nys to be found,  
And buildest strong warke vpon a weake ground:  
Thou raylest on right withouten reason,  
And blamest hem much, for small encheason.  
How shouldest shepherdes liue, if not so?  
What? should they pynen in payne and wo?  
Nay sayd I thereto, by my deare borrowe,  
If I may rest, I nill liue in sorowe,

Sorowe ne neede be hastened on:

For he will come without calling anone.  
While times enduren of tranquillitie,  
Then we freely our felicitie.

For when appoche the stormie howes,  
We mought with our shoulders beare of þe sharpe howes.  
And looth to sayne, nought seemeth like strife,  
That shepherds so witen eche others life,  
And layen her faults the world besore,  
The while their foes done eache of hem sore.  
Let none mislike of that may not be mended,  
So contek soone by conoord mought be ended.

### PIERS.

Shepherd, I list none accordeance make  
With sheheard, that does the right way forsake.  
And of the twaine, if choise were to me,  
Had leuer my foe, then my friend he be.  
For what conoord han light and darke same?  
Or what peace has the Lion with the Lambe?  
Such faitors, when their false harts bene hidde.  
Will dee, as did the fore by the hidde.

### PALINODE.

Now Piers, of felowship, tell vs that saying:  
For the Ladde can kepe both our flocks from straying.



PIERS.

**T**hike same kide(as I can well deuise)

Was too very foolish and vnwise;  
 For on a tyme in Sommer season,  
 The Gate her dame, that had good reason.  
 Wode forth abroade vnto the greene wode,  
 To brouze, or play, or what she thought good.  
 But for she had a motherly care  
 Of her young sonne, and wit to beware,  
 Shee set her youngling befoze her knee,  
 That was both fresh and loncly to see,  
 And full of fauour, as kide mought be:  
 His Wellet head began to shoote out,  
 And his weathred hoznes gan newly sprout:  
 The blossomes of lust to bud did beginne,  
 And spring forth ranckly vnder his chinne.

My sonne(quothe she) (and with that gan wepe:  
 For carefull thoughts in her heart did creepe)  
 God blesse thee poore D:phane, as he mought me,  
 And send thee ioy of thy tollitee  
 Thy father (that wold the spake with payne:  
 For a sigh had high rent her heart in twaine)  
 Thy father, had he liued this day,  
 To see the bzaunche of his body displye,  
 How would he haue ioyed at this swete sight:  
 But ah false Fortune such ioy did him spight,  
 And cutte off his dayes with vntimely woe,  
 Betraying him into the traines of his foe.  
 Now I a wayfull widdowe behight,  
 Of my olde age haue this one delight,  
 To see thee succede in thy fathers stede,  
 And flourish in flowres of lustie head.  
 For euen so thy father his head vpheld,  
 And so his hautie hoznes did he weld.

Tho marking him with melting eyes,  
 A thzilling throbbe from her hart did arise,  
 And interrupted all her other speache,



## Maye.

With some old sorowe, that made a newe breache:

Seemed thee saue in the younglings face

The old lineaments of his fathers grace,

At last her solein silence she broke,

And gan his newe budded heart to stroke

Kiddie (quoth shee) thou kens the great care,

I haue of thy health and thy welfare,

Which many wyld beastes ligen in waite,

For to entrap in thy tender state:

But most the fore, maister of collusion:

For he has bowed thy last confusion.

For thy my Kiddie be ruld by mee,

And neuer giue trust to his trecherie.

And if he chaunce come, when I am abroade,

Sperre the yate fast for feare of fraude:

Be for all his worst, no for his best,

Open the doze at his request.

So schooled the Gate her wanton sonne,

That answered his mother, all should be done.

Who went the pensile Damme out of doze,

And chaunst to stumple at the threshold floze:

Her stombling steppe some what her amazed,

(For such, as signes of ill lucke bene dispraised)

Yet forth she rode thereat halfe agast:

And Kiddie the doze sperred after her fast.

It was not long, after shee was gone,

But the false fore came to the doze anone,

Not as a fore, for then he had be kend,

But all as a poore pedler he did wend,

Bearing a trasse of tryfles at hys backe,

As bells, and babes, and glasses in hys packe.

A Wigger he had got about his brayne,

For in his headpeace he felt a sore payne.

His hinder heele was wrapt in a clout,

For with great cold he had gotte the gout.

There at the doze he cast me downe hys pack,

And layd him downe, and groned, Alack, Alack.



Ah deare Lord, and sweete Saint Charité,  
That some good body would once pitie me.

Well heard Kiddle al this soze constraint,  
And lengd to know the cause of his complaint:  
Tho creeping close behind the Wickets clinck,  
Prailly he peeped out throught a chinck:  
Yet not so prailly, but the Fore him spyed:  
For deceitfull meaning is double eyed.

Ah good young maister (then gan he crye)  
Jesus blesse that sweete face, I espye,  
And keepe your corpe from the carefull stounds.  
That in my carrion carcas abounds.

The Kide pittying hys heauinesse,  
Asked the cause of his great distresse,  
And also who, and whence that he were,  
Tho he, that had well yroned his lere,  
Thus medled his talke with many a teare,  
Sicke, sicke, alas, and little lacke of deare,  
But I be reliued by your beastly head.

I am a pooze Sheepe, albe my coloure donne:  
For with long traueile I am bzent in the sonne.  
And if that my Grandfire me sayd, be true,  
Sicker I am very sybbe to you:

So be your goodlihead doe not disdaine  
The base kinned of so simple swaine.

Of mercye and fauour then I your pray,  
With your ayde to forstall my neere decay.

Tho out of his packe a glasse he tooke:  
Wherein while Kiddle vnwares did looke,  
He was so enamored with the newell,  
That nought he deemed deare for the iewell.

Tho opened he the doze, and in came  
The false Fore, as he wore starke lame.  
His tayle he clapt betwixt his legs twayne,  
Lest he should be descried by his trayne.

Being within, the Kide made him good glar,  
All for the loue of the glasse he did see.



## Maye.

After his chere the Wedler can chat,  
And tell many lessings of this, and that :  
And how he could shewe many a fine knack,  
Tho shewed his ware, and opened his packe,  
All saue a bell, which he had left behynde  
In the bas-ket for the kidde to fynde.  
Which when the kidde stouped downe to catch,  
He poyt him in, and his bas-ket did latch,  
He stayed he once, the doze to make fast,  
But ranne a waye with him in all hast.  
Home when the doubtfull Damine had her hyde,  
She mought see the doze stand open wyde.  
All agast, lowdly she gan to call  
Her kidde: but he nould answere at all.  
Tho on the floze she saue the merchandise,  
Of which her sonne had sette for here a prize.  
What helpe: her kidde she knewe well was gone :  
She weeped, and wayled, and made great mone.  
Such end had the kidde, for he nould warned be  
Of craft, coloured with simplicitie :  
And such end perdie does all hem remayne,  
That of such fallers friendship bene sayne.

### PALINODE.

Truely Piers, thou art beside thy wit,  
Furthest fro the marke, wesning it to hit,  
Now I pray thee, lette me thy tale bozowe  
For our sir John, to say to mozowe.  
At the kerke, when it is holliday:  
For well he meanes, but little can say.  
But and if Fores bene so craftie, as so,  
Much needeth all shepheards him to knowe.

### PIERS.

Of their falthode moze could I recount,  
But now the bright Sunne gyneth to dismount:  
And for the dealwe night now doth nye,  
I hold it best for vs, home to hye.

Palinodes



Palinodes Embleme.  
*Pas men apistos apistes.*

Piers his Embleme.  
*Tu d' ara pistis apisto;*

GLOSSE.

*Thilke*, this same moneth. It is applyed to the season of the moneth, vvhhen all men delight themselues vvvith-pleasaunce of fieldes, and gardens, and garments.

*Bloncket lueries*, gray coates. *I clad*, arrayed, *I*, redoundeth, as before.

*In euery where*, a straunge, yet proper kind of speaking.

*Baskets*, a Diminutiue. s. little bushes of hauthorne. *Kirke*, Church.

*Queme*, please.

*A shole*, a multitude, taken of fishe, whereof some going in great companies, are sayde to svvimme in a shole.

*Iode*, vvent. *Ioyssance*, ioye. *Swinck*, labour. *Inly*, entirely. *Fay-  
ours*, vagabonds.

*Great pan*, is Christ, the very God of all shepheards, which calleth himselfe the great and good sheheard. The name is most rightly (me thinkes) applyed to him, for *Pan* signifieth all or omnipotent, vvhich is onely the Lorde Iesus. And by that name (as I remember) he is called of *Eusebius* in his fifth booke *De Preparat. Euāge.* vvho therof telleth a proper storie to that purpose. Which storie is first recorded of *Plutarch*, in his booke of the ceasing of Itacles, and of *Laetere* translated, in his booke of vvalking sprights. Who sayth, that about the same time, that our Lorde suffered his most bitter passion for the redemption of man, certeine passengers sayling from *Italy* to *Cyprus* and passing by certein Iles called *Paxa*, heard a voyce calling alowde *Thamus*, *Thamus*, (now *Thamus* vvvas the name of an Aegyptian, vvvhich vvvas Pilote of the ship,) vvho giuing eare to the crie, vvvas bidden, vvhen he came to *Palodes*, to tell, that the great *Pan* vvvas dead : vvvhich he doubting to doe, yet for that vvhen he came to *Palodes*, there sodeinly vvvas such a calme of vvind, that the ship stode styll in the sea vvmoued, he vvvas forced to crie alowde, that *Pan* vvvas dead : vvwherevvithall there vvvas heard such piteous outcrys and dreadfull shriking, as hath not bene the like. By vvvhich *Pan*, though. of some bee vnderstoode the great Satanas, vvwhose kingdome at that time vvvas by Christ conquered, the gates of hell broken vp, and death by death deliuered to eternall death, (for at that time, as he sayth, all Oracles surceased, and enchaunted spirites, that vvvere vvont to delude the people, thenceforth held their peace) and also at the demaund of the Emperour *Tiberius*, vvho that *Pan* should be, answere vvvas made him by the vvvisest and best learned, that it vvvas the sonne of *Mercurie* and *Penelope*, yet I thinke it more properly meant of the death of Christ, the onely and very *Pan*, then suffering for his flocke.

*I as I am*, seemeth to imitate the common prouerb, *Malum Invidere mihi omnes quam miscescere.*

*Nas*, is a syncōpe, for ne has, or has not : as nould, for would not.

*The vvwith them*, doth imitate the Epitaphe of the ryotous king *Sardanapalus*.



# Maye.

lus, which caused to be written on his tombe in Greeke : vvvhich verses be thus translated by *Tullio*.

„ *Hac habui qua edi, quaeque exaturata libido*

„ *Hausit. at illa manent multa ac praeclara reliqua.*

vvvhich may thus be turned into English.

„ All that I eate did I ioye, and all that I greedily gorged :

„ As for those many goodly matters left I for others.

Much like the Epitaph of a good olde Earle of Deuonshire, which though much more vvvisedome bewrayeth, then Sardanapalus, yet hath a smacke of his sensuall delights and beastlinesse, the rymes be these.

„ Ho, Ho, vvwho lyes here ?

„ I the good Erle of Deuonshire,

„ And Maulde my vvwife, that vvvas full deare,

„ We lyued together lv. yeare.

„ That vve spent, vve had :

„ That vve gaue, vve haue :

„ That vve lefte, vve lost.

*Algrim*, the name of a shepheard.

*Men of the Lay*, Lay men.

*Enaunter*, least that.

*Souenaunce*, remembraunce. *Miscreaunce*, dispaire or mis belief.

*Chensauce*, sometime of Chaucer vsed for gaine : sometime of oter for spoyle, or bootie, or enterpryse, and sometime for chiefdome.

*Pan himselfe*, God, according as is said in Deuteronomie, That in diuision of the land of *Canaan*, to the tribe of *Leuie*, no portion of heritage should be allotted, for God himselfe vvvas their inheritaunce.

*Some gan*, meant of the Pope, & his Antichristian prelates, which vsurpe a tyrannical dominion in the Church, & vvwith Peters counterfet keyes, open a vvvide gate to al vvickednesse and insolent gouernment. Nought here spoken, as of purpose to denie fatherly rule and gouernaunce (as some maliciously of late haue done to the great vnrest and hinderaunce of the Church) but to display the pride & disorder of such, as in steede of feeding their sheepe, in deede feede of their sheepe.

*Sourse*, vvvelspring and originall.

*Borrowe*, pledge or suertie.

*The Geaunte*, is the great Atlas, whō the Poets feigne to be a huge Geaunt, that beareth Heauen on his shoulders & being in deede a merueilous highe mountaine in Mauritania, that now is Barbarie, vvvhich to mans seeming perceeth the clourdes, & seemeth to touch the heauens. Other thinke, & they not amisse, that this fable was meant of one Atlas king of the same countrey, (of whō may be, that that hill had his dominatiō) brother to Prometheus (who as the Grekes say) did first fynd out the hidden courses of the starres, by an excellent imagination, wherfore the Poets feigned, that he sustained the firmament on his shoulders. Many other coniectures needelesse be told hereof.

*VVarke*, vvvorke.

*Encheafon*, cause, occasion.

*Deare borow*, that is our Sauour, the common pledge of all mens debtes to death.

*VVyten*, blame. *Nought seemeth*, is vnseemely.

*Conteck*, strife contention.

*Her*, their, as vseth Chaucer.

*Han*, for haue.

*Sam*, together.

This



This tale is much like to that in Aesops fables, but the Catastrophe & end is farre different. By the Kidde may be vnderstoode the simple sorte of the faithfull & true Christians. By his dame Christ, that hath alreadye vwith carefull watchvords (as here doth the gote) vvarned her little ones, to beware of such doubling deceit. By the Foxe, the false and faithlesse Papistes, to vvhom is no credit to be giuen, nor felovvship to be vsed.

*The gate*, the Gote: Northernly spoken to turne O into A. *Yode*, vvent, afforesayd.

*Sheser*, A figure called *Fictio*, vvhich vseth to attribute reasonable actions & speeches to vnreasonable creatures.

*The bloosmes of lust*, be the young & mossie heares, vvhich then beginne to sproute and shoote forth, vvhhen lustfull heate beginneth to kindle.

*And wish*, A very Poeticall *Pathos*.

*Orphane*, A youngling or pupill, that needeth a tutour and gouernour.

*That word*, A patheticall parenthesis, to encrease a carefull Hyperbaton.

*The braunch*, of the fathers body, is the child.

*For euen so*, Alluded to the saying of Andromache to Ascanius in Virgil.

*Sic oculos, sic ille manus, sic ora ferebat.*

*A thrilling throb*, a percing sighe.

*Liggen*, lye.

*Master of collusion*, i. coloured guile, because the Foxe of all beastes is most vvily and craftie.

*Sperre the yare*, shut the dore.

*For such*, The gotes stombling is here noted as an euill signe. The like to be marked in al histories: & that not the least of the Lord Hastings in king Richard the third his dayes. For beside his daungerous dreame (vvhich vvas a shrevvd prophesie of his mishap, that folowved) it is sayd that in the morning riding toward the towver of Londō, there to sit vpon matters of counsell, his horse stombed twise or thrise by the vway: vvhich of some, that riding vwith him in his company, vv ere priuie to his neere destenie, vvas secretly marked, & aftervvard noted for memorie of his great mishap, that ensevvved. For being then as merie, as man might be, & least doubting any mortall daunger, he vvas vvithin two horevvres after, of the Tyraunt put to a shamefull dearch.

*As belles*, by such trifles are noted, the reliques and ragges of popish superstition, vvhich put no small religion in Belles: and Babies. i. Idoles: and glasses. i. Paxes, and such like trumperies.

*Great cold*, For they boast much of their outvvard patience, and voluntarie sufferaunce as a vvorke of merite and holy humblenesse.

*Sweete S. Charitie*, The Catholiques commende the, and onely speache, to haue charitie alvvayes in their mouth, and sometime in their outvvard Actions, but neuer invvvardly in fayth and godly zeale.

*Clincke*, a key hole. Whose diminutiue is clicket, vsed of Chaucer for a Key.

*Stoundes*, fittes: aforesaid.

*His lere*, his lesson.

*Medled*, mingled.

*Beastthead*, a greeting to the person of a beast.

*Sibbe*, of kynne.

*Newell*, a nevv thing.

*To forestall*, to preuent.

*Gloe*, chere, afforesayde.

*Deare a price*, his lyfe, vvhich he lost for those toyes.

*Such ende*, is an Epiphonema, or rather the morall of the vvhole tale, vvhose purpose is to vvayne the protestaunt bevvare, howe he geueth credite to



## Maye.

the vnfaithfull Catholique : whereof we haue dayly proofes sufficient, but one most famous of all, practised of Late yeares in Fraunce by Charles the ninth.

*Fayne, gladd or desyrous.*

*Our sir Iohn, a Popish Priest, A saying fit for the grosnesse of a sheheard, but spoken to taunte vnlearned Priestes.*

*Dismount, descende or set,.*

*Nye, draweth nere,*

*Embleme.*

Both these Emblemes make one vvhole Hexametre. The first spoken of Palinodie, as in reproche of them, that bee distrustfull, is a peece of Theognis verse, intending, that vvhoe doth most mistrust is most false. For such experience in falsehood breedeth mistrust in the minde, thinking no lesse guile to lurke in others, then in himselfe. But Piers thereto strongly replyeth with an other peece of the same verse, saying as in his former fable, vvhath sayth then is there in the faithlesse. For if faith be the ground of religion, which sayth they dayly false, what hold then is there of their religion. And this is all that they saye.

## June.



## Ægloga sexta.

### Argument.

**T**His Æglogue is wholly vvhied to the complayning of Colinsills successe in hys loue. For being (as is aforesaid) enamored of a Country lasse Rosalind, and ha-ving (as seemeth) found place in her heart, he lamenteth to his deare friend Hobbinoll, that he is now forsaken vnfaithfully, and in his steade Menalcas, another shep-heard receiued disloyally. And this is the whole Argument of this Æglogue.

Hobbinoll.



Hobbinoll.

Colin Clout.

**I** O Colin, here the place, whose pleasaunt syte  
 From other shades hath weand my wandring mynde.  
 Tell me, what wants me here, to worke delyte?  
 The simple ayre, the gentle warbling wynde,  
 So calme, so coole, as no where else I fynde:  
 The grassye ground with daintie Daylies dight,  
 The Bzamble bush, where Byrds of euery kynde  
 To the waters fall their tunes attemper right.

COLLIN.

O happie Hobbinoll, I blesse thy state,  
 That Paradise hast found, which Adam lost.  
 Here wander may thy flocke early or late,  
 Withouthen dreade of Molues to bene ylost:  
 Thy louely layes here mayst thou freely bolste.  
 But I vnhappy man, whom cruell fate,  
 And angry Gods pursue from coste to coste,  
 Can no where fynd, to shouer my lucklesse pate.

HOBBINOLL.

Then if by me thou list aduised bee,  
 Forsake the soyle, that so doth thee bewitch:  
 Leau me those hilles, where harbzough nis to see,  
 Noz holzbush, noz bzere, noz winding witche:  
 And to the dales resort, where shepheards ritch,  
 And fruitfull flocks bene euery where to see.  
 Here no night Kaucene lodge moze black then pitche,  
 Noz eluish ghosts, noz gastly owles doe fle.

But frendly Faeries, met with many Graces,  
 And lightfoote Nymphes can chace the lingring night,  
 With Heydeguyes, and trimly trodden traces,  
 Whilst sisters nyne, which dwell on Parnasse hight,  
 Doe make them musick, for their moze delight:  
 And Pan himselfe to kisse their chrystall faces.  
 Will pype and daunce, when Phoebe shineth bright:  
 Such pierlesse pleasures haue we in these places.

COLLIN.

And I, whylst youth, and course of carelesse yeres

H. iij.

Did



## June.

Did let me walke withouten lincks of loue,  
In such delights did ioy amongst my pæres :  
But ryper age such pleasures doth reproue,  
My fansie eke from former follies mote  
To stayed steps for time in passing weares  
(As garments doen, which weren old about)  
And draweth newe delights with hoarie beares.

Tho couth I sing of loue, and tune my pype  
Unto my plaintiue pleas in verses made :  
Tho would I seeke for Quæne apples vnr ype,  
To giue my Rosalind, and in Sommer shade  
Dight gaudie Girlonds, was my comen trade,  
To crowne her golden locks, but yeeres more rype,  
And losse of her, whose loue as lyfe I wayd,  
Those weary wanton toyes away byd wype.

### HOBBINOLL.

Colin, to heare thy rymes and roundelays,  
Which thou were wont on wastfull hylles to singe,  
I more delight, then larke in Sommer dayes:  
Whose Eccho made the neighbour groues to ring,  
And taught the byrds, which in the lower spring  
Did shroude in shady leaues from sunny rayes,  
Frame to thy songe their cherefull cheriping,  
Or hold their peace, for shame of thy swete layes.

I sawe Calliope with Muses moe,  
Soone as the oaten pype began to sound,  
Their yuoy Luyts and Tamburins forgoe:  
And from the fountaine, where they sat around,  
Kenne after hastely thy siluer sound.  
But when they came, where thou thy skill didst shewe,  
They drewe abacke, as halfe with shame confound,  
Shepheard to see, them in their arte outgoe.

### COLLIN.

Of Muses Hobbinoll, I conne no skill :  
For they bene daughter of the highest loue,  
And holden scozne of homely shepheards quill.



For sith I heard, that Pan with Phoebus stroue,  
 Which him to much rebuke and Daunger dzoue:  
 I neuer lyst presume to Parnasse hyll,  
 But pyping lowe in shade of lowly groue,  
 I play to please my selfe, all be it ill.

Thought weigh I, who my song doth praise or blame,  
 He strue to winne renowne, or passe the rest:  
 With shepheard sittes not, followe flying fame:  
 But fede his flocke in fields, where falls hem best,  
 I wote my rymes bene rough, and rudely dzest:  
 The sytter they, my carefull case to frame:  
 Enough is me to paint out my vnrest,  
 And poure my piteous plaints out in the same.

The God of shepheards Tityrus is dead,  
 Who taught me homely, as I can, to make.  
 He, whilst he liued, was the soueraigne head  
 Of shepheards all, that bene with loue ytake:  
 Well couth he waile his Moes, and lightly flake  
 The flames, which loue within his heart had bredde,  
 And tell vs mery tales, to keepe vs wake,  
 The while our sheepe about vs safely fedde.

Nowe dead he is, and lyeth wzappt in lead,  
 (Why should death on him such outrage sholue?)  
 And all his passing skill with him is fledde,  
 The same whereof doth dayly greater growe.  
 But if on me some little dzops would flowe,  
 Of that the spring was in his learned hedde,  
 I sone would learne these words, to wayle my woe,  
 And teache the træs, their trickling teares to shedde.

Then should my plaints, caused of discourtesie,  
 As messengers of my plainfull plight,  
 Flye to my loue, where euer that she bee,  
 And pierce her heart with point of worthy wight:  
 As shee deserues, that wrought so deadly spight.

And



## June.

And thou Menalcas, that by trecherée  
Didst vnderlong my lasse, to were so light,  
Shouldest well be knowne for such thy villanée.

But since I am not, as I wishe I were,  
Ye gentle shepheardes, which your flocks do feede,  
Whether on hylles, or dales, or otherwhere,  
Beare witnesse all of this so wicked deede:  
And tell the lasse, whose flowre is wore a wæde,  
And faultlesse sayth, is turned to faithlesse fere,  
That she the truest shepheardes hart made blæde,  
That lyues on earth, and loued her most dere.

Hobbinoll.

O carefull Colin, I lament thy case,  
Thy teares would make the hardest flint to flowe.  
Ah faithlesse Rosalind, and boide of grace,  
That art the roote of all this ruthfull woe.  
But now is time, I gesse, homeward to goe:  
Then ryse ye blessed flocks, and home apace,  
Least night with stealing steppes doe you forsoe,  
And wett your tender Lambes, that by you trace.

Colins Embleme.

*Giaspeme spenta.*

## GLOSSE.

*Syte*, situation and place.

*Paradise*, A Paradise in Greeke, signifieth a Garden of pleasure, or place of delights. So he compared the soile, vvherein *Hobbinol* made his abode, to that earthlie Paradise, in Scripture called *Eden*, vvherein *Adam* in his first creation vvas placed. Which of the most learned is thought to be in *Mesopotamia*, the most fertile and pleasant countrie in the vworld (as may appeare by *Diodorus Syculus* description of it, in the historie of *Alexanders* conquest thereof.) Lieng bet vvene the tyvo famous Ryuers (vvhich are said in Scripture to flow out of Paradise) *Tygris*, and *Euphrates*, vvhich of it is so denominate.

*Forsooke the soyle*, This is no poetical fiction, bur vnfeinedlie spoken of the Poet selfe, vvhich for speciall occasion of priuate affayres (as I haue bene part-  
lic of himselfe informed) and for his more preferment, remoued out of the  
North-



Northpartes came into the South, as Hobbinoll in deede aduised hym privately.

*Those hylles*, that is the North country, vvhether he dyvelt. *Nis*, is not.

*The daies*. The Southpartes, vvhether he nowe abyderth, vvhich though they be full of hylles and vwoodes (for Kent is very hyllie and vwoodie, and therefore so called: for *Kentish* in the Saxons tongue signifieth vwoodie) yet in respect of the Northpartes they be called dales. For in deede the North is counted the higher country.

*Night Ravens &c.* by such hatefull byrdes, hee meaneth all misfortunes (Whereof they be tokens) flying euery where.

*Frendly faeries*, the opinion of Faeries and Elfes is very old, and yet sticketh very religiously in the myndes of some. But to roote that rancke opinion of Elfes out of mens heartes, the truth is, that there bee no such thinges, nor yet the shadowes of the thinges, but onely by a sort of balde Friers and knauish shauelings so feigned, vvhich as in all other things, so in that, sought to nou-sell the commen people in ignoraunce, least being once acquainted vwith the truth of thinges, they vwoulde in tyme smell out the vntruth of their packed pelfe and Massepenie religion. But the sooth is, that when all Italy was distraight into the Factions of the Guelfes and the Gibelins, being two famous houses in Florence, the name began through their great mitchises & many outrages, to be so odious or rather dreadfull in the peoples eares, that if their children at any time vvere frovarde and vvantou, they vwoulde saye to them that the Guelfe or the Gibeline came. Which vvordes nowe from them (as many things else) be come into our vsage, and for Guelfes and Gibelines, we say Elfes and Goblins. No othervvise then the Frenchmen vsed to say of that valiaunt captaine, the very scourge of Fraunce, the Lord Thalbot, afterward Erle of Shrevvsburie, whose noblesse bred such a terroure in the heartes of the French, that oft times euen great armies vvere defaicted and put to flight at the onely hearing of his name. In so much that the French vvemen, to affray their children, vwould tell them that the Talbot commeth.

*Many Graces*, though there be in deede but three Graces or Charites (as afore is sayd) or at the vtmost but foure, yet in respect of many gistes of bountie, there may be said more. And so Musæus sayeth, that in Heroes cyther eye there satte a hundred graces. And by that authoritie, this same Poet in hys Pageaunts sayth. An hundred Graces on her eyeledde satte. &c.

*Haydegues*, A countrey daunce or round. The conceipt is, that the Graces and Nymphes doe daunce vnto the Muses, and Pan his musicke all night by Moonelight. To signifie the pleasauntnesse of the soyle.

*Peeres*, Equalles and felow shepheardes. *Queeneapples vnripe*, imitating Virgils verse.

*Ipsa ego cana legam tenera lanugine mala.*

*Neighbour growes*, a straunge phrase in English, but vvord for vvord expressing the Latine *vicina nemora*.

*Spring*, not of vvater, but of young trees springing. *Calliope*, afore sayde. This staffe is full of verie poetickall inuention. *Tamburines*, an old kind of instrument, vvhich of some is supposed to be the Clarion.

*Pan with Phœbus*, the tale is vvell knowne, howe that Pan and Apollo striv-



## June.

uing for excellencie in musicke, chose Midas for their iudge. Who being corrupted vwith partiall affection, gaue the victorie to Pan vnderferued: for which Phoebus set a paire of Asses eares vpon his head &c.

*Tityrus*, That by Tityrus is meant Chaucer, hath bene alreadie sufficiently sayde, and by this more playne appeareth, that he sayth, he tolde merie tales. Such as bee hys Canterburie tales, vvhom he calleth the God of the Poets for hys excellencie, so as Tullie calleth Lentulus, *Deum vita sua*. i. the God of his lyfe.

*To make*, to versifie.

*O why*, A pretie Epanorthosis or correction.

*Discourteise*, he meaneth the falsenesse of his louer Rosalind, who forsaking him, had chosen another.

*Poynt of worthy wite*, the prick of deserued blame.

*Menalcas*, the name of a shepheard in virgil: but here is meant a person vnknowne and secrete, against whom he often bitterly inuayeth.

*Vnderfonge*, vndermynde and deceiue by false suggestion.

*Embleme*.

You remember, that the first Aeglogue, Colins Poesie vvas *Anchora speme*: for that as then there vvas hope of fauour to be found in tyme. But now being cleane forlorne and reiect of her, at vvhose hope, that vvas, is cleane extinguished and turned into despayre, he renounceth all comfort & hope of goodnesse to come, vvhich is all the meaning of this Embleme.







## Ægloga septima.

### ARGUMENT.

**T**his Æglogue is made in the honour and commendation of good shepheardes, and to the shame and dispraise of proude and ambitious Pastours. Such as Morrell is here imagined to bee.

Thomalin.

Morrell.

**I**s not thilke same a gotheheard proude,  
that sittes on yonder bancke,  
Whose straying heard them selfe doth shrowde  
among the bushes rancke?

Morrell.

**W**hat ho, thou iolly shepheards swayne,  
come vp the hyll to me:  
Better is, then the lowly playne,  
als for thy flocke, and thee.

Thomalin.

**A**h God shield, man, that I should cline,  
and learne to looke alofte,  
This reede is ryse, that oftentime  
Great clymbers fall vnsoft.

G. y.

In



## *July.*

In humble Dales is footing fast,  
the trode is not so trickle :  
And though one fall through heedlesse hast,  
yet is his misse not mickle.  
And now the Sunne hath reared by  
his fyriefooted teme,  
Making his way betweene the Cuppe,  
and golden Diademe :  
The rampant Lyon hunts he fast,  
with Dogges of noysome bzeath,  
Whose balefull barking bzinges in hast  
pyne, plagues, and dreery death.  
Agaynst his cruell scortching beate  
where hast thou couerture ?  
The wastefull hylls vnto his thzeate  
is a playne ouerture.  
But if thee lust, to holden chat  
with seely ihepherds swayne,  
Come downe, and learne the little what,  
that Thomalin can sayne.

Morrell.

Syker, thou'st but a laesie loord,  
and rekes much of thy swinck,  
That with fond termes, and wættlesse words  
to blere myne eyes doest thinke.  
In euill houre thou hentest in hond  
thus holy hylles to blame,  
For sacred vnto saints they stond,  
and of them han theyr name.  
S. Michels mount who does not know,  
that wardes the Westerne coste?  
And of S. Bizgets bolwze I trow,  
all Kent can rightly boaste :  
And they that con of Muses skill,  
sayne most what, that they dwell  
(As goteheards wont) vpon a hill,  
beside a learned well.

And



And wonned not the great God Pan,  
upon mount Oliuet:  
Feeding the blessed flocke of Dan,  
Which did himselfe beget:

Thomalin,

O blessed sheepe, O shepheard great,  
that bought his flocke so deare,  
And them did save with bloudy sweat  
from Wolves, that would them teare,

Morrell,

Beside, as holy fathers sayne,  
there is a hyllye place,  
Where Titan riseth from the mayne,  
to renne his dayly race.  
Upon whose toppe the starres bene stayed,  
and all the skie doth leane,  
There is the caue, where Phoebe layed,  
the shepheard long to dreame.  
Whilome there used shepherds all  
to feede their flockes at will,  
Till by his folly one did fall,  
that all the rest did spill,  
And sithens shepherdes bene foresayd  
from places of of delight:  
For thy I weene thou be affrayd,  
to clime this hilles height.  
Of Synah can I tell thee more,  
and of our Ladyes bowze:  
But little needes to strow my stowe,  
suffice this hill of our.  
Here han the holy Faunes resourse,  
and Syluanes haunten rathe.  
Here has the salt Medway his course,  
wherein the Nymphes doe bathe.  
The salt Medway, that trickling stremis  
adowne the dales of Kent:



## July.

Will with his elder brother Themis  
His blackish waues be meynt.  
Here growes Melampode euery where,  
and Teribinth good for Cotes:  
The one, my madding kiddes to smere,  
the next, to heale their thzotes.  
Hereto, the hilles bene nigher heuen,  
and thence the passage ethe.  
As well can proue the piercing leuin,  
that seeldome falls bynethe.

Thomalin.

Syker thou speakes lyke a lewde lozrell,  
Of Heauen to demen so:  
How be I am but rude and bozrell,  
yet nearer wayes I knowe.  
To kerke the narre, from God moze farre,  
has bene an olde sayd saue.  
And he that strives to touch the starres,  
oft stumbles at a strawe,  
Allsone may shepheard clymbe to skye,  
that leades in lowly dales,  
As Coteherd prouyd that sitting hye,  
vpon the Mountaine sayles.  
My seely sheepe like well belowe,  
they neede not Melampode:  
For they bene hale enough, I trowe,  
and lyken their abode.  
But if they with thy Cotes should yede,  
they sone myght be corrupted:  
Or like not of the frowie fede,  
or with the wædes be gluffed.  
The hylls, where dwelled holy saints,  
I reuerence and adoze:  
Not for themselfe, but for the saynctes,  
which han be dead of yore.  
And nowe they bene to heauen forewent,  
they good is with them goe:

Their



Their sample onely to vs lent,  
 that als we mought doe soe.  
 Shepheards they weren of the best,  
 and liued in lowlye leas :  
 And sith their soules bene now at rest,  
 why done we them disease?  
 Such one he was, (as I haue heard  
 old Algrind often sayne)  
 That whilome was the first shepheard,  
 and liued with little gayne:  
 As meeke he was, as meeke mought be,  
 simple, as simple sheepe,  
 Humble, and like in eche degree  
 the flocke, which he did keepe.  
 Often he vled of his keepe  
 a sacrifice to bring,  
 Nowe with a kidde, now with a sheepe  
 the Altars hallowing.  
 So lowted he vnto his Lord,  
 such fauour couth he fynde,  
 That sithens neuer was abhord,  
 the simple shepheards kynd.  
 And such I weene the brethren were,  
 that came from Canaan:  
 The brethren twelue, that kept yfere  
 the flockes of mightie Pan.  
 But nothing such thilke shepheard was,  
 whom I da hyll dyd beare,  
 That left his flocke, to fetch a lasse,  
 whose loue he bought too deare:  
 For he was proude, that ill was payd,  
 (no such mought shepheards bee)  
 And with lewde lust was overlayd:  
 tway things doen ill agree:  
 But shepheard mought be meeke and mylde,  
 well eyed, as Argus was,  
 With fle shly follyes vndesyled,

and



## July.

and stoufe as steele of brasse.  
Like one (sayd Algrin) Moses was,  
that sawe his makers face,  
His face more cleare, then Christall glasse,  
and spake to him in place. —  
This had a brother, (his name I knowe)  
the first of all his cote,  
A shepheard trewe, yet not so true,  
as he that earst I hote.  
Whilome all these were lowe, and lief,  
and loued their flocks to fede,  
They neuer strouen to be chiefe,  
and simple was their weede.  
But now (thanked be God therfore)  
the world is well amend,  
Their weedes bene not so nighly woze,  
such simpleste mought them shend:  
They bene yclad in purple and pall,  
so hath their God them blis,  
They reigne and rulen ouer all,  
and lord it, as they list:  
Egypt with beltes of glitter and gold.  
(mought they good shepheards bene)  
Their Pan their sheepe to them has sold,  
I sawe as some haue seene.  
For Palinode (if thou him ken)  
yode late on Pilgrimage  
To Rome, (if such be Rome) and then  
he sawe thilke misusage.  
For shepheardes (said he) there doen leade,  
as Lordes done other where,  
Their sheepe han crustes, and they the bread:  
the chippes, and they the chere:  
They han the fleece, and eke the flesh,  
(O seely sheepe the while)  
The corne is theirs, let other thers,  
their hands they may not file.

They



They han great stoze, and thristie stockes,  
 great freendes and feeble foes:  
 What neede hem caren for their flocks?  
 their boyes can looke to those.  
 These wisards weltre in welthys waues,  
 pampred in pleasures deepe,  
 They han fatte kernes, and leanye knaues,  
 their fasting flockes to keepe.  
 Like mister men bene all misgone,  
 they heapen hylles of wynth:  
 Like sylve shepheards han we none,  
 they keepen all the path.

Morrell.

Here is a great deale of good matter,  
 lost for lacke of telling,  
 Now sicker I see, thou doest but clatter:  
 harme may come of melling.  
 Thou medlest more, then shall haue thanke,  
 to wyten shepheards wealth:  
 When folke bene fat, and riches rancke,  
 it is a signe of health.  
 But say me, what is Algrin he,  
 that is so oft bynempt.

Thomalin.

He is a shepheard great in gree.  
 but hath bene long ypent.  
 One daye he sat vpon a hyll,  
 (as now thou wouldest me:  
 But I am taught by Algrins ill,  
 to loue the lowe degree.)  
 For sitting so with bared scalpe,  
 And Eagle sozed hie,  
 That weneing hys whyte head was chalke,  
 a shell fish downe let flye:  
 He weend the shell fishe to haue bzoake,  
 but therewith bznd his bzayne,  
 So now astonied with the stroke,  
 he lyes in lingring payne.

H.t.

Morrell



## July.

Morrell.

Oh good Algrin, his hap was ill,  
but shall be better in time.  
Now farewell shepheard, with this hyll  
thou hast such doubt to climbe.

Palinodes Embleme.  
*In medio virtus.*

Morrells Embleme.  
*In summo felicitas.*

### GLOSSE.

*A Gotebeard*, By Gotes in scripture bee represented the wicked and reprobate, whose pastour also must needs be such.

*Banck*, is the seate of honor. *Straying beard*, which wander out of the waye of truth.

*Als*, for also. *Clymbe*, spoken of Ambition. *Great clymbers*, according to Seneca his verse, *Decidunt celsa grauiore lapsus.* *Mickle*, much.

*The sonne*, A reason, why he refuseth to dwell on Mountaines, because there is no shelter against the scorching sunne, according to the time of the yeere, which is the hottest moneth of all.

*The Cupp and Diademe*, Bee two signes in the Firmament, through which the sunne maketh his course in the moneth of Iuly.

*Lion*, This is Poetically spoken, as if the Sunne did hunt a Lion with one Dogge. The meaning whereof is, that in Iuly the sunne is in Leo. At which time the Dogge starre, which is called Syrius or Canicula reigneth, with immoderate heate causing Pestilence, droughth, and many diseases.

*Ouerture*, an open place. The word is borrowed of the French, and used in good writers.

*To holden chatt*, to talke and prate.

*A loorde*, was wont among the old Britons to signifie a Lorde. And therefore the Danes, that long time vsurped their Tyrannie here in Britanie, were called for more dread and dignitie, Lurdanes. Lord danes. At which time it is sayd, that the insolencie and pride of that nation was so outrageous in this Realme, that if it fortun'd a Briton to be going ouer a bridge, and sawe the Dane set foote vpon the same, he must returne back, till the Dane were cleane ouer, or els abyde the pryce of his displeasure, which was no lesse, then present death. But being afterward expelled, that name of Lurdane became so odious vnto the people, whom they had long oppressed, that euē at this day they vse for more reproche, to call the Quartane ague the Feuer Lurdane.

*Recks much of thy swinck*, countes much of thy paynes. *Veetelesse*, not vnderstoode.

*S. Michels mount*, is a promontorie in the West part of England.

*A hill,*



*A hill, Parnassus afforesayde. Pan* Christ. *Dauid*, One trybe is put for the  
vv hole nation *per Synecdochem.*

*Vvhere Titan*, the Sunne. Which storie is to be redde in Diodorus Syc. of  
the hyl Ida; from vvhen he saith, all night time is to be scene a mightie fire,  
as if the skie burned, vvich tovvarde morning beginneth to gather a rounde  
forme, and thereof riseth the sunne, vvhom the Poets call Titan:

*The shepheard*, is Endymion, vvhom the Poets fayne, to have bene so helo-  
ued of Phoebe. f. the Moone, that he vv as by her kept a sleepe in a caue by the  
space of. xxx yeeres, for to enioye his company.

*There*, that is in Paradise, vvhere through errour of shepherdes vnderstan-  
ding, he sayth, that all shepherds did vse to feede their flockes, till one, (that  
is Adam by his folly and disobedience, made all the rest of hys offspring bee  
debarred and shut out from thence.

*Synab*, a hill in Arabia, vvhere God appeared.

*Our Ladyes bowre*, a place of pleasure so called.

*Fannes or Syluanes*, be of Poets feigned to be Gods of the Woode.

*Medway*, the name of a Ryuer in Kent, vvich running by Rochester, mee-  
teth with Thames, vvho he calleth his elder brother, both because he is grea-  
ter, and also falleth sooner into the Sea.

*Meynt*, mingled. *Melampode and Terebynth*, be hearbes good to cure  
diseased Gotes, of thone speaketh Mantuane, and of thother Theocritus.

*Terminthou Tragoon eikaton acremona.*

*Nigher heauen*, Note the shepherds simplenesse, which supposeth that frō  
the hylles is nearer vvaye to heauen.

*Leuin*, Lightning, vvich he taketh for an argument, to proue the nighnes  
to heauen, because the lightning doth commenly light on high mountaines,  
according to the laying of the Poet.

*Feriantque summos fulmina montes.*

*Lorrell*, A losell.

*A borrell*, a playne fellovve.

*Narre*, nearer.

*Hale*, for hole.

*Yede*, goe.

*Frowye*, mustie or mossie.

*Of yore*, long agoe.

*Forewente*, gone afore.

*The firste shepheard*, vv as Abell the righteous, vvho (as Scripture sayth)  
bent hys minde to keeping of sheepe, as dyd his brother Caine to tylling the  
grounde.

*His keepe*, his charge. f. his flocke.

*Lowted*, did honour and reuerence.

*The brestren*, the twelue sonnes of Iacob, vvich vv ere shepemaisters, and  
lyued onely thereupon.

*Vvhom Ida*, Paris, vvich being the sonne of Priamns king of Troy, for his  
mother Hecubas dreame, vvich being vvith childe of hym, dreamed three  
brought forth a firebrand, that set all the Tovvre of Ilium on fire, was cast  
forth on the hill Ida, vvhere being fostered of shepherdes, he eke in time be-  
came a shepheard, and lastly came to knowvledge of his parentage.

*A lusse*, Helena the vvife of Menelaus king of Lacedemonia, vv as by Venus  
for the golden Apple to her geuen, then promised to Paris, vvho thereupon  
with a sort of lustie Troyans, stole her out of Lacedemonia, and kept her in  
Troy, vvich vv as the cause of the tenne yeeres vvare in Troy, and the most  
famous ciue of all Asia lamentably sacked and defaced.



## July.

*Argus*, vvas of the Poetes deuised to be full of eyes, and therefore to him vvas committed the keeping of the transformed Cōv Io: So called because that in the print of a Cōvves foote, there is figured an I in the middest of an O.

*His name*, he meaneth Aaron: vvhose name for more *Decorum*, the shepheard saith he hath forgot, least his remembraunce and skill in antiquities of holy writ should seeme to excede the meanenesse of the person.

*Not so true*, for Aaron in the absence of Moses started aside, and committed Idolatrie.

*In Purple*, Spoken of the Popes and Cardinalles, vvhich vse such tyrannical colours and pompous painting. *Belts, Girdles.*

*Glitterand*, Glittering a Participle vfed sometime in Chaucer, but altogether in I. Goore.

*Their Pan*, that is the Pope, vvhom they count their God and greatest shepheard.

*Palinode*, A shepheard, of vvhose report he seemeth to speake all this.

*VVisards*, great learned heades. *VVelter*, vvallovv. *Kerne*, a Churle or Farmer.

*Sike misfermen*, such kynde of men. *Surly*, stately and prowde. *Mel-ling*, medling.

*Best*, better.

*Bynempte*, named.

*Gree*, for degree.

*Algrin* the name of a shepheard afforesaide, vvhose myshappe he alludeth to the chaunce, that happened to the Poet *Aeschylus*, that vvas brayned vwith a shellfishe.

### Embleme.

By this Poesie Thomalin confirmeth that, vvhich in his former speache by fundrie reasons he had proued, for being both himselfe sequestred from all ambition and also abhorring it in others of hys cote, he taketh occasion to praise the meane and lovvly state, as that vvherein is safetie vwithout feare, & quiet vwithout daunger, according to the saying of olde Philosophers, that vertue dwelleth in the myddest, being enuironed vwith two contrarie vices: vwhereto Morrell replyeth vwith continuance of the same Philosophers opinion, that albeit al bountie dwelleth in mediocritie, yet perfect felicitie dwelleth in supremacie. For they say, and most true it is, that happinesse is placed in the highest degree, so as if any thing be higher or better, then that streight vvay ceaseth to be perfect happinesse. Much like to that, vvhich once I heard alleaged in defence of humilitie out of a great doctour, *Suorum Christus humillimus*: vvhich saying a gentleman in the company taking at the rebound, beate backe againe vwith lyke saying of another Doctour, as he sayde. *Suorum deus allissimus.*

*Aeglogne*





## Ægloga octava.

## Argument.

**I**N this Æglogue is set forth a delectable controuersie, made in imitation of that in Theocritus: whereto also Virgil fashioned his third and seventh Æglogue. They choose for vmpire of their strife, Cuddie a neatheards boye, who hauing ended their cause reciteth also himselfe a proper song, whereof Colin he sayth was Author.

Willye.

Perigot.

Cuddie.

**T**ell me Perigot, what shalbe the game,  
Wherefoze with myne thou dare thy musick matche?  
O bene thy Bagpipes renne farre out of frame?  
O hath the Crampe thy ioynts benomd with ache?

Perigot.

Ah Willye, when the hart is ill assayde,  
How can Bagpipe, or ioyntes be well apayd?

Willye.

What the foule euill hath thee so bestadde?  
Whilom thou was peregall to the best,  
And went to make the iolly shepheards gladde  
With pyping and dauncing, didst passe the rest,

H.iii.

Perigot.



## August.

Perigot.

Ah Willye now I haue leard a new daunce:  
My old musick mard by a newe mischaunce.

Willye.

Mischiefe mought to that newe mischaunce befall,  
That so hath rast vs of our meriment.  
But ræde me, what payne doth thee so apall?  
O; louest thou, o; bene thy younglings miswent?

Perigot.

Loue hath misled both my younglings, and mee:  
I pyne for payne, and they my payne to see.

Willye.

Perdie and wellaway: ill may they thriue:  
Neuer knewe I loners sheepe in good plight.  
But and if in rymes with me thou dare strive,  
Such fond fantasies shall soone be put to flight.

Perigot.

That shall I doe, though moche worse I fared:  
Neuer shall be sayde that Perigot was dæred.

Willye.

Then loe Perigot the Pledge, which I plight:  
A mazer ywrought of the Maple warre:  
Wherein is enchaused many a fayre sight  
Of Beres and Tygers, that maken fiers warre:  
And ouer them spred a goodly wild vine,  
Entrailed with a wanton Puie twine.

Thereby is a Lambe in the Wolves iawes:  
But see, how fast renneth the shepheard swayne,  
To saue the innocent from the beastes pawes:  
And here with his shepehook hath him slayne.  
Tell me, such a cup hast thou euer seene?  
Well mought it beseme any haruest Quæne.

Perigot.

Thereto will I pawne yonder spotted Lambe,  
Of all my flocke there nis like another:  
For I brought him vp without the Dambe,  
But Colin Clout raste me of his brother,

That



That he purchast of me in the plaine field:  
Soze against my will was I fozt to yeld.

Willye.

Sicker make like account of his brother.  
But who shall iudge the wager wonne or lost?

Perigot.

That shall yonder heardgrome, and none other,  
Which ouer the pouste hether ward both post.

Willye.

But foz the Sunnebeame so soze doth vs beate,  
Were not better, to shunne the scoztching heate?

Perigot.

Well agreed Willye: then sitte thee downe twayne:  
Sike a song neuer heardest thou, but Colin sing.

Cuddie.

Gynne, when ye lyst, ye iolly shepheards twayne:  
Sike a iudge, as Cuddie, were foz a king.

Per.

Wil.

Per.

Wil.

Per.

Wil.

Per.

Wil.

Per.

Wil.

Per.

Wil.

Per.

Wil.

Per.

Wil.

Per.

Wil.

Per.

Wil.

I fell vpon a holly eue,  
hey ho hollidaye,

When holly fathers went to shrieue:  
now gynneth this roundelay.

Sitting vpon a hyll so hye,  
hey ho the high hyll,

The while my flocke did sæde thereby,  
the while the shepheard selfe did spill:

I sawe the bouncing Bellibone,  
hey ho Bonibell,

Tripping ouer the dale alone,  
she can trippe it very well:

Well decked in a frocke of gray,  
hey ho gray is greete,

And in a kirtle of greene saye,  
the greene is foz maydens meete:

A chapelet on her head she woze,  
hey ho chapelet,

Of sweete Violets therein was soze,  
she sweeter then the Violet.



## August.

Per.	My sheepe did leane their wonted fode,
Wil.	hey ho seely sheepe,
Per.	And gazd on her, as they were wood,
Wil.	Woode as he, that did them keepe.
Per.	As the bonilasse passed bye,
Wil.	hey ho bonilasse,
Per.	She rouded at me with glauncing eyz,
Wil.	as cleare as the chystall glasse:
Per.	All as the Sunnie beame so bzight,
Wil.	hey ho the Sunne beame,
Per.	Glaunceth from Phoebus face forthright,
Wil.	so loue into my hart did streame:
Per.	O; as the thonder cleaues the cloudes,
Wil.	hey ho the Thonder,
Per.	Wherein the lightsome leuin shroudes,
Wil.	so cleaues thy soule a sonder:
Per.	O; as Dame Cynthias siluer raye
Wil.	hey ho the Moone light,
Per.	Upon the glyttering waue doth playe:
Wil.	such play is a pitteous plight.
Per.	The glaunce into my heart did glide,
Wil.	hey ho the glyder,
Per.	Therewith my soule was sharply gryde,
Wil.	such woundes soone weren wider.
Per.	Hasting to raunch the arrowe out,
Wil.	hey ho Perigot,
Per.	I left the head in my hart roote:
Wil.	it was a desperate shot.
Per.	There it ranckleth ay moze and moze,
Wil.	hey ho the arrowe,
Per.	Pe can I finde saluc for my soze:
Wil.	loue is a carelesse sorowe.
Per.	And though my bale with death I bought,
Wil.	hey ho heauie cheere,
Per.	Yet should thilk lasse not from my thought:
Wil.	so you may buye gold to deere.

But



Per.  
Wil.  
Per.  
Wil.  
Per.  
Wil.  
Per.  
Wil.  
Per.  
Wil.  
Per.  
Wil.  
Per.  
Wil.

But whether in paynesfull loue I pync,  
hey ho pinching payne,  
Or thine in wealth, she shalbe mine.  
but if thou can her obtaine.  
And if for gracelesse greefe I dye,  
hey ho gracelesse grieffe,  
Witness, she shewe me with her eye:  
let thy folle be the priefe.  
And you, that sawe it, simple sheepe,  
hey ho the fayre flocke,  
For priefe thereof, my death shall weepe,  
and none with many a mocke.  
So learnd I loue on a hollye cue,  
hey ho hollidaye,  
That euer since my hart did greue.  
nowe endeth our roundelay.

Cuddie.

Sicker like a rounde neuer heard I none.  
Little lacketh Perigot of the best.  
And Willye is not greatly ouergone,  
So weren his vnder songs well addrest.

Willye.

Herdgrome, I feare me, thou haue a squint eye:  
Aræde vp rightly, who has the victorie?

Cuddie.

Fayth of my soule, I deeme ech haue gayned.  
For thy let the Lambe be Willye his owne:  
And for Perigot so well hath him payned,  
To him be the wroughten mazer alone.

Perigot.

Perigot is well pleased with the doome:  
He can Willye wite the witelesse herdgrome.

Willye.

Neuer dempt more right of beautie I wæne,  
The shepheard of Ida, that iudged beauties Quæne.

Cuddie.

But tell me shepheardes, should it not yshend  
Your roundels fresh, to heare a dolefull verse



## August.

Of Rosalind (who knowes not Rosalind?)  
That Colin made, ylike can I you rehearse.

Perigot.

Now say it Cuddie, as thou art a ladde :  
With mery thing its good to medle sadde.

Willye.

Fayth of my soule, thou shalt ycrowned be  
In Colins stæde, if thou this song aræde:  
For neuer thing on earth so pleaseyth me,  
As him to heare, or matter of his deede,

Cuddie.

Then listneth ech vnto my heauie laye,  
And tune your pypes as ruthful, as ye may.

**Y**e wastefull woodes beare witnesse of my woe,  
Wherein my plaints did oftentimes resound:  
Ye carelesse byrds are priuie to my cryes,  
Which in your songs were wont to make apart:  
Thou pleasant spring hast luld me oft a sleepe,  
Whose streames my trickling teares did oft augment.  
Resort of people doth my griefes augment,  
The walled towne do worke my greater woe;  
The forest wide is fitter to resound  
The hollow Echo of my carefull cryes,  
I hate the house, since thence my loue did part,  
Whose wailefull want debarres mine eyes from sleepe  
Let stremes of teares supply the place of sleepe:  
Let all that sweete is, boyd: and all that may augment  
My dole, drawe neere. Noze meete to wayle my woe,  
Bene the wild woodes my sorowes to resound,  
Then bed, noz bowze, both which I fill with cryes,  
When I them see so waile, and synd no part  
Of pleasure past. Here will I dwell apart  
In gaskfull groue therefore, till my last sleepe  
Doe close mine eyes: so shall I not augment  
With sight of such as change my restlesse woe:  
Helpe me, ye banefull byrds, whose shrieking sound  
Is signe of deerey death, my deadly cryes



Not ruthfully to tune. And as my cryes  
 (Which of my woe cannot be w<sup>ay</sup> least part)  
 You heare all night, when nature craueth sleepe,  
 Increase, so let your y<sup>r</sup>ksome yells augment.  
 Thus all the night in plaintes, the day in woe  
 I bowed haue to wait, till safe and sound  
 She home returne, whose voyces siluer sound  
 To cheerefull songs can chaunge my chereless cryes.  
 Hence with the Nightingale will I take part,  
 That blessed by: d, that spends her time of sleepe  
 In songs and plaintiue pleas, the more faugment  
 The memo<sup>y</sup> of his misdoe, that by: d her woe:  
 And you that feele no woe, | when as the sound  
 Of these my nightly cryes | ye heare apart,  
 Let breake your sounder sleepe / and pitie augment.

Perigot.

O Colin, Colin, the shepheardes ioye,  
 How I admire ech turning of thy verse:  
 And Cuddie, freshe Cuddie the liest boye,  
 How dolefully his dole thou didst rehearse.

Cuddie.

Then blotre your pypes shepheardes, till you be at home:  
 The night higheth fast, y<sup>t</sup>s time to be gone.

Perigot his Embleme.

*Vincenti gloria victis.*

Willyes Embleme.

*Vinto non vito.*

Cuddies Embleme.

*Felice chi puo.*

### GLOSSE.

*Bestadde*, disposed, ordered.

*Peregall*, equall.

*Whalome*, once.

*Rasie*, bereft, depriued.

*Miswent*, gon a straye.

*Ill may*, according to

Virgil.

*In felix o semper ouis pecus.*

*A mazer*, So also do Theocritus and Virgil feigne pledges of their strife.

*Enchased*, engrauen. Such pretie discriptions euery vwhere vseth Theocritus.



## August.

to bring in his Idyllia. For which speciall cause in deede he by that name termeth his Aeglogues : for Idyllion in Greeke signifieth the shape or picture of any thing, whereof his booke is full. And not, as I haue heard some fondly guesse, that they be called not Idyllia, but Hædilia, of the Goteheardes in them.

*Entrailed*, wrought betweene.

*Haruest Queene*, The manner of country folke in haruest tyme.

*Pouffe*, Pease.

*It fell vpon*, Perigot maketh his song in praise of his loue, to vvhom Willye aunsvvereth euery vnder verse. By Perigot vvhich is meant, I cannot vprightly say : but if it bee, vvhich is supposed, his loue deserueth no lesse praise, then he giueth her.

*Greete*, vveeping and complaint.

*Chaplet*, a kynde of Garland lyke a crowne.

*Leuen*, Lightning.

*Cynthia*, vvas sayde to bee the Moone.

*Gryde*, perced.

*But if*, not vnlesse.

*Squint eye*, partiall iudgement.

*Ech haue*, so saith

Virgil.

*Et vitula tu dignus, et hic &c.*

So by enterchaunge of gifts Cuddie pleaseth both partes.

*Dooome*, iudgement.

*Dempt*, for deemed, iudged.

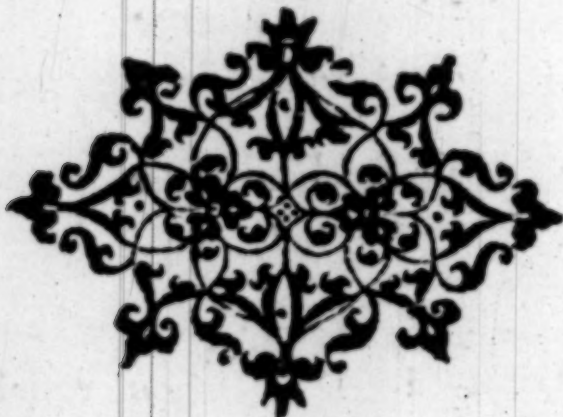
*VVste the wstelesse*, blame the blamelesse.

*The shepheard of Ida*, vvas said to be Paris.

*Beauties Queene*, Venus, to vvhome Paris adiudged the golden Apple, as the price of her beautie.

Embleme.

The meaning hereof is very ambiguous: for Perigot by his poesie claming the conquest, and Willye not yeelding, Cuddie the arbiter of their cause, and Patron of his owne, seemeth to challenge it, as his dew, saying, that he, is happy vvhich can, so abruptly ending but he meaneth eyther him, that can win the best, or moderate him selfe being best, and leaue of with the best.







## Ægloga Nona.

## Argument.

**H**erein Diggon Dauie is deuised to bee a shepheard, that in hope of more gayne, droue his sheepe into a farre countrie. The abuses whereof, and loose liuing of Popish prelates, by occasion of Hobbinolls demaund, he discourseth at large.

Hobbinoll.

Diggon Dauie.

**D**iggon Dauie, I bidde her god day:

O, Diggon her is, or I mislay.

Diggon.

Her was her, while it was daye light,

But nowe her is a most wretched wight.

For day, that was, is wightly past,

And now at earst the dirke night doth hast.

Hobbinoll.

Diggon arcede, who has thee so dight?

Peuer I wist thee in so pooze a plight.

Where is the sayre flocke, thou was wont to leade?

O, bene they chaffred: or at mischiese dead?

Lui,

Diggon.



## September.

Diggon.

Ah for loue of that, is to the most leese,  
Hobbinoll, I pray thee gall not my olde greefe:  
Sike question ripeth by cause of newe woe,  
For one opened mote vnfolde many more.

Hobbinoll.

Pay, but sorrow close shrouded in hart  
I know, to keepe, is a burdenous smart.  
Eche thing imparted is more eath to beare:  
When the rayne is faine, the cloudes weren cleare.  
And nowe sithence I salve thy head last,  
Thise three Downes bene fully spent and past:  
Since when thou hast measured much grounde,  
And wandred I wene about the world rounde,  
So as thou can many things relate:  
But tell me first of thy flocks estate.

Diggon.

My sheepe bene wasted, (wae is me therefore)  
The iolly shepheard that was of yore,  
Is nowe not iolly, nor shephearde more.  
In forrein costes, men sayd, was plentie:  
And so there is, but all of miserie.  
I dempt there much to haue eeked my store,  
But such eeking hath made my hart sore.  
In the countreyes, whereas I haue bene,  
No being for those, that truly mene,  
But for such, as of guile maken gayne,  
No such countrey, as there to remaine.  
They setten to sale their shops of shame,  
And maken a Part of their good name.  
The shepheards there robben one another,  
And layen baytes to beguile her brother.  
Or they will buye his sheepe out of the cote,  
Or they will caruen the shepheards throte.  
The shepheards swayne you cannot wel ken,  
But it be by his pryde, from other men:  
They looken bigge as Bulls, that bene bate,

And



And bearen the cragge so stiffe and so state,  
As cocke on his dunghill, crowing cranck.

Hobbinoll.

Diggon, I am so stiffe, and so stanck,  
That vneth may I stand any moze:  
And nowe the Westerne wind bloweth soze,  
That nowe is in his chiefe soureigntye,  
Beating the withered leafe from the tree.  
Sitte we downe here vnder the hill:  
Who may we talke, and tellen our fill,  
And make a mocke at the blustering blast,  
Now say on Diggon, what euer thou hast.

Diggon.

Hobbin, ah Hobbin, I curse the skounde,  
That euer I cast to haue lozne this ground.  
Wel-away the while I was so fonde,  
To leaue the good, that I had in hande,  
In hope of better, that was vnconouth:  
So lest the Dogge the flesh in his mouth.  
My seely sheepe (ah seely sheepe)  
That here by there I whilome vsd to keepe,  
All were they lustie, as thou didst see,  
Bene all sterued with pyne and penurie.  
Hardly my selfe escaped thilke payne,  
Driuen for neede to come home agayne.

Hobbinoll.

Ah son, now by thy losse art taught,  
That seeldome chaunge the better bzought.  
Content who liues with tryed state,  
Neede feare no chaunge of frowning fate:  
But who will seeke for vnknowne gayne,  
Oft liues by losse, and leaues with payne.

Diggon.

I wote ne Hobbin how I was bewitcht  
With vayne desire, and hope to be enricht.  
But sicker so it is, as the bzight starre  
Seemeth ay greater, when it is farre:



## September.

I thought the soyle would hane made me rich:  
But nowe I wote, it is nothing sich.  
For eyther the shepheards bene ydle and still,  
And ledde of their sheepe, what way they wyl:  
Or they bene false, and full of couetise,  
And casten to compasse many wong empise.  
But the moze bene fraught with fraud and spight,  
For in good nor goodnes taken delight:  
But kinde coales of conteck and pyre,  
Wherewith they sette all the world on fire:  
Which when they thinke againe to quench  
With holy water, they doen hem all drench.  
They saye they con to heauen the high way,  
But by my soule I dare vnderlaye,  
They neuer sette fote in that same troade,  
But balk the right way, and strayen abroad.  
They boast they han the diuell at commaund:  
But aske hem therefoze, what they han paund.  
Marrie that great Pan bought with deare bozrow,  
To quite it from the blacke bowze of sorow.  
But they han sold thilk same long agoe:  
For thy wouldest drawe with hem many moe.  
But let hem gange alone a Gods name:  
As they han brewed, so let hem beare blame.

Hobbinoll,

Diggon, I praye thee speake not so dirke,  
Such myster saying me seemeth to mirke.

Diggon,

Then plainely to speake of shepheards most what,  
Wadde is the best (this english is flatt.)  
Their ill hauour garres men mistay,  
Both of their doctrine, and their saye.  
They sayne the world is much war then it wont,  
All for her shepheards bene beastly and blont.  
Other sayne, but how truely I note,  
All for they holden shame of their cote.  
Some sticke not to say, (whote cole on her tongue)

That



That like mischief graſeth hem among,  
 All for they caſten too much of worlds care,  
 To deck her Dame, and enrich her heyre:  
 For ſuch encheaſen, If you goe hye,  
 Fewe chymneis recking you ſhall ſpye:  
 The fatte Ore, that wont ligge in the ſtal,  
 Is nowe faſt ſtalled in her crumenall.  
 Thus chatten the people in their ſteads,  
 Like as a Monſter of many heads.  
 But they that ſhorten neereſt the pricke,  
 Sayne, other the fat from their beards doen lick.  
 For bigge Bulles of Baſen brace hem about,  
 That with their hoznes butten the more ſtoute:  
 But the leane ſoules treaden vnder foote.  
 And to ſeeke redreſſe mought little boote:  
 For liker bene they to pluck away more,  
 Then ought of the gotten good to reſtoze.  
 For they bene like ſoule wagmoires ouergraſt,  
 That if thy galage once ſticketh faſt,  
 The more to winde it out thou doeſt ſwinck,  
 Thou mought ay deeper and deeper ſinck.  
 Yet better leaue of with a little loſſe,  
 Then by much wexſling to leaſe the groſſe.

Hobbinoll.

Polwe Diggon, I ſee thou ſpeakſt too plaine:  
 Better it were, a little to feyny,  
 And cleanly couer, that cannot be tured.  
 Such ilas is forced, mought needes be endured  
 But of like paſtours howe done the flockes creepe?

Diggon.

Like as the ſhepherdes, like bene her ſhepe,  
 For they will liſten to the ſhepherds voyce,  
 But if he call hem at their good choyce,  
 They wander at will, and ſtay at pleaſure,  
 And to their foldes yeeld at their owne leaſure.  
 But they had be better come at their call:  
 For many han into miſchiefes fall,



## September.

And bene of rauenuous Woules yrent,  
All for they nould be hurme and bent.

Hobbinoll.

Iye on the Diggon, and all thy soule leasing,  
Well is knowne that sith the Saron king,  
Neuer was Woulfe sene many nor some,  
Nor in all Kent, nor in Chyistendome:  
But the fewer Woules (the soth to sayne,)  
The more bene the Foxes that here remaine.

Diggon.

Yes, but they gang in more secrete wise,  
And with sherpes clothing doen hem disguise,  
They walke not widely as they were wont,  
For feare of raungers, and the great hunt:  
But prinely prolling to and froe,  
Enaunter they mought be inly knowe.

Hobbinoll.

O, prine or pert yf any bene,  
We han great Bandogs will teare their skinne.

Diggon.

In deede thy ball is a bold bigge curre,  
And could make a iolly hole in theyr furre.  
But not good Dogges hem nedeth to chace,  
But hredie shepheards to discerne their face.  
For all their craft is in their countenaunce,  
The bene so graue and full of mayntenaunce.  
But shall I tell thee what my selfe knowe,  
Chanced to Koffyn not long ygoe:

Hobbinoll.

Say it out Diggon, what euer it hight,  
For not but well mought him betight.  
He is so meeke, wise, and merciabile,  
And with his word his worke is conuenable.  
Colin Clout I wene be his selfe boye,  
(Ah for Colin be whilome my ioye)  
Shepheardes sith, God mought vs many send,  
That doen so carefully theyr flocks tend.

Diggon.



Diggon.

Thilk same shepheard mought I well marke:  
 He has a Dogge to byte o2 to barke,  
 Neuer had shepheard so kene a kurre,  
 That waketh, and if but a lease stirre.  
 Whilome there wonned a wicked Wolfe,  
 That with many a Lambe had glotted his gulfe.  
 And euer at night went to repayre  
 Unto the flocke, when the Welkin shone faire,  
 ycladde in clothing of seely sheepe,  
 When the good olde man vled to sleepe.  
 Tho at midnight he would barke and ball,  
 (For he had est learned a curre call.)  
 As if a Wolfe were among the sheepe.  
 With that the shepheard would bzeake his sleepe,  
 And send out Lowder (for so his dog hote)  
 To raunge the fieldes with wide open throte)  
 Tho when as Lowder was farre awayne,  
 This Woluish sheepe would catchen his pray,  
 A Lambe, o2 a kidde, o2 a weanell wast:  
 With that to the wood would he speede him fast.  
 Long time he vled this slippery prance,  
 Ere Koffy could for his laboure him thanck  
 At end the shepheard his practise spyed,  
 (For Koffy is wise, and as Argus eyed)  
 And when at euen he came to the flocke,  
 Fast in theyr foldes he did them locke,  
 And toke out the Wolfe in his counterfect cote,  
 And let out the shepes bloud at his throte.

Hobbinoll.

Marry Diggon, what should him affraye,  
 To take his owne where euer it laye?  
 For had his wesand bene a little widder,  
 He would haue deuoured both hidder and thidder.

Diggon.

Mischiefe light on him, and Gods great curse,  
 Too good for him had bene a great deale worse.

h.g.

For



For it was a perilous beast aboue all,  
And eke had he cond the shepheards call.  
And oft in the night came to the shepcote,  
And called Lowder, with a holle throte,  
As if it the olde man selfe had bene.

The dogge his maisters voire did it weene,  
Yet halfe in doubt he opened the doer,  
And ranne out, as he was wont of yore.

No sooner was out, but swifter then thought,  
Fast by the hyde the Wolfe lowder caught:  
And had not Koffy renne to the scuen,  
Lowder had be slaine thilke same euen.

Hobbinoll.

God shield man, he shoulde so ill haue thine,  
All for he did his deuoyr belue.  
If like bene Wolues, as thou hast told,  
How mought we Diggon, hem be-hold.

Diggon.

How, but with heede and watchfulnesse,  
Forstallen hem of their wilinesse?  
For thy with shepheard sittes not playe,  
Dz sleepe, as some doen, all the long day:  
But euer ligen in watch and ward,  
From soddein force their flocks for to gard.

Hobbinoll.

Ah Diggon, thilke same rule were for straight,  
All the colde season to watch and waite.  
We bene of fleshe, men as other bee.  
Why should we be bound to such misery?  
What euer thing lacketh chaungeable rest,  
Mought needes decay, when it is at best.

Diggon.

Ah but Hobbinoll, all this long tale,  
Mought easeth the care, that both me forhaile.  
What shall I doe? what way shall I wend,  
My piteous plight and losse to amend?  
Ah good Hobbinoll, mought I the praye,  
Of ayde or counsell in my decaye,

Hobbinoll.



Hobbinoll.

Solve by my soule Diggon, I lament  
The haplesse mischiese, that has thee hent,  
Nethelisse thou seest my lowly saile,  
That froward fortune doth euer amile.  
But were Hobbinoll, as God mought please,  
Diggon should soone finde favour and ease.  
But if to my cotage thou wilt resort,  
So as I can: I will thee comfort:  
There mayst thou ligge in a betchy bed,  
Till fayrer fortune shewe forth his head.

Diggon.

Ah Hobbinoll, God mought it thee requite,  
Diggon on fewe such freendes did ever lite.

Diggon's Embleme.

*Inopem me copia fecit.*

GLOSSE.

The Dialecte and phrased of speache in this Dialogue, seemeth somewhat to differ from the comen. The cause vvhenceof is supposed to be, by occasion of the partie herein meant, vvhich being very freend to the Author hereof, had bene long in farraine cuntryes, and there scene many disorders, vvhich he here recounteth to Hobbinoll.

*Bidde her*, Bidde good morrow. For to bidde, is to praye, vvhenceof cometh beades for prayers, and so they saye, To bidde his beades. i. to saye his prayers.

*VVightly*, quickly, or sodenly. *Chaffred*, solde. *Dead at mischiese*, an vnusuall speache, but much vsurped of Lidgate, and sometime of Chaucer.

*Leese*, deare. *Eke*, easie. *These three Moones*, nine monethes. *Measured*, for trauciled.

*VVae*, vvhoe Northerly. *Eeked*, encreased. *Carnen*, cutte. *Kenne*, know. *Cragge*, neck. *State*, stoutely. *Stanch*, vvarie or faynte.

*And now*, He applyeth it to the time of the yeare, vvhich is in the end of harvest, vvhich they call the fall of the leafe: at vvhich time the Westerne winde beareth most svvaye.

*A mocke*, Imiting Horace, *Debes ludibrium ventu.*

*Lorne*, left. *Soste*, sweete. *Vncowthe*, vnknoven. *Hereby there*, here and there. *As the brighte*, Translated out of Mantuane. *Emprise*, for enterprise. *Per Syncope*. *Conteck*, Arise.



## September.

*Trode*, path. *Marrie that*, that is, their soules, vvhich by popish Exorcismes and practises they damme to hell.

*Blacke*, hell. *Gange*, goe. *Mister*, maner. *Mirke*, obscure. *VVarre*, worse. *Crumenall*, purse. *Brace compasse*. *Encheson*, occasion. *Ouergrast*, ouergrovvnen vvith grasse. *Galage*, shoe. *The grosse*, the vvhole.

*Buxome and bent*, meeke and obedient.

*Saxon king*, King Edgare, that reigned here in Britanie in the yeare of our Lorde. Which king caused all the Wolues, vvhereof then vvvas store in thys country, by a proper policie to be destroyed. So as neuer since that time, there haue bene Wolues here founde, vnlesse they vvvere brought from other countries. And therefore Hobbinoll rebuketh him of vntruth, for saying there be Wolues in England.

*Nor in Christendome*, This saying seemeth to bee straunge and vnreasonable: but in deede it vvvas vvont to be an olde prouerbe and comen phrase. The originall vvhereof vvvas, for that most parte of England in the reigne of king Ethelbert vvvas christened, Kent onely except, vvvhich remayned long after in myf beliefe and vnchristened, So that Kent vvvas counted no parte of Christendome.

*Great hunt*, Executing of lawes and iustice. *Enaunter*, least that.

*Inly*, invvardly. afforesayde. *Frenely or pert*, openly sayth Chaucer.

*Roffy*, The name of a shephearde in Marot his Aeglogue of Robin & the King. VVhom he here commendeth for great care and vvise gouernaunce of his flocke.

*Colin Cloute*, Novve I thinke no man doubteth but by Colin is euer meant the Authour selfe, vvwhose especial good freend Hobbinoll sayth he is, or more rightly Maister Gabriel Haruey: of vvwhose speciall commendation, aswell in Poetrie as Rhetorike and other choyce learning, vvee haue lately had a sufficient tryall in diuerse his vvorkes, but specially in his *Musarum Lachryma*, and his late *Gratulationum Valdinen sium*, vvvhich booke in the progresse at Audley in Essex, he dedicated in vvriting to her Maiestie, aftervvvaide presenting the same in Print vnto her Highnesse at the vvorshipfull Maister Capells in Hertfordshire. Beside other his sundry most rare and very notable writings, partly vnder vnknovven Tytles, and partly vnder counterfayt names, as his *Tyrannomastix*, his *Ode Natalitia*, his *Rameidos*, and especially that parte of *Philomusus*, his diuine *Anticosmopolita*, and diuers other of lyke importance. As also by the names of other shepheardes, he couereth the persons of diuers other his familiar freendes and best acquaintaunce.

This tale of Roffy seemeth to colour some particular Action of his. But what, I certeinly knovv not.

*VVonned*, haunted.

*VVelkin*, (kie, afforesayde.

*A VVeanelle wasse*, a vveaned youngling. *Hidder and sbidder*, He & she, Male and Female. *Stenen*, Noysc. *Belme*, quickly. *VVhat ever*, Ouid's verse translated.

*Quod caris alterna requie, durabile non est.*

*Forhaile*, dravve or distresse.

*Vetchie*, of Pease strawe.

Embleme.

This is the saying of Narcissus in Ouid. For vvhen the foolish boye by beholding



September.

Fol 40.

holding his face in the brooke, fell in loue with his owne likenesse: and not hable to content himselfe with muche looking thereon, he cryed out, that plentie made him poore, meaning that much gazing had bereft him of sence. But our Diggon vseth to other purpose, as vwho that by tryall of many vwayes had founde the vvorst, and through great plentie was fallen into great penurie. This Poesie I knowe, to haue bene much vsed of the Author, and to such like effect, as first Narcissus spake it.

October.



*Ægloga decima.*  
ARGUMENT.

**I**N Cuddie is set out the perfect paterne of a Poet, which finding no maintenance of his state and studies, complayneth of the contempte of Poetrie, and the causes thereof: Specially hauing bene in all ages, and euen amongst the most barbarous alwayes of singular account and honor, and being in deede so worthy and commendable an arte: or rather no arte, but a diuine gifte and heavenly instinct not to be gotten by labour and learning, but adorned with both: and poured into the witte by a certaine (*Kithousiasmos*) & celestial inspiration, as the Author hereof els where at large discourseth in his booke called the English Poet, which booke being lately come to my handes, I minde also by Gods grace vpon further aduisement to publish.

Pierce.

Cuddie.

**C**Vddie, for shame holde vp thy heauye head,  
And let vs cast with what delight to chace:

And



## October.

And weary this long lingring Phoebus race,  
Whilome thou wont the shepheards laddes to leade;  
In rymes, in riddles, and in bydding bafe:  
Howe they in thee, and thou in sleepe art deade?

• Cuddie.

Piers, I haue pyped erst so long with payne,  
That all mine Oten reedes bene rent and woze:  
And my pooze Nase hath spent her spared stoze,  
Yet little good hath got, and much lesse gayne.  
Such pleasaunce makes the Grasshopper so pooze,  
And ligge so layd, when Winter doth her straine:

The dapper ditties, that I wont deuise,  
To feede youtnes fansie, and the flocking fry,  
Delighten much: what I the bett for thy?  
They han the pleasure, I a sclender prize.  
I beate the bush, the byrds to them doe flye:  
What good thereof to Cuddie can arise?

Piers.

Cuddie, the prayse is better, then the price,  
The gloze eke much greater then the gayne:  
O what an honoz is it, to restraine  
The lust of latwlesse youth with good aduice:  
O: pricke them forth with pleasaunce of thy baine,  
Whereto thou list their frayed willes entice.

Soone as thou gynst to sette thy nottes in frame,  
O how the rurall routes to thee doe cleave:  
Someth thou dost their soule of sence bereaue,  
All as the shepheard, that did fetch his dame  
From Plutoes balefull bowze withouten leaue:  
His musickes might the hellish hound did tame.

Cuddie.

So praysen babes the Peacocks spotted traine,  
And wondzen at bright Argus blazing eye:  
But who rewards him ere the moze for thy?  
O: feedes him once the fuller by a graine?

Like



Like praise is smoke, that sheddeth in the skie,  
Like words bene wynd, and watten sone in bayne.

Piers.

Abandon then the base and biler clowne,  
Lyst vp thy selfe out of the lowly dust:  
And sing of bloody Mars, of wars, of guis,  
Turne thee to those, that weld the awfull crowne.  
To doubted knights, whose woundlesse armour rusts,  
And helmes unbuzed weren dayly browne.

There may thy Muse display her fluttring wing,  
And stretch her selfe at large from East to West:  
Whither thou list in fayre Elisa rest,  
Or if thee please in bigger notes to sing,  
Aduaunce the worthy whome she loneth best,  
That first the white beare to the stake did bring.

And when the stubborne stroke of stronger sounds,  
Has somewhat slackt the tenor of thy string:  
Of loue and lustihead thou mayst thou sing,  
And carrol lowde, and leade the Myllers rounde,  
All were Elisa one of thilke same ring.  
So mought our Cuddies name to Heauen sounde.

Cuddie,

In dede the Romish Tityrus, I heare,  
Through his Meccenas left his Daten rade,  
Whercon he earst had taught his flocks to fæde,  
And laboured lands to yield the timely eare,  
And est did sing of warres and deadly drede,  
So as the Heauens did quake his verse to here.

But ah Meccenas is yclad in claye,  
And great Augustus long ygoe is dead:  
And all the worthies ligger wrapt in leade,  
That matter made for Poets on to play:  
For euer, who in derring doe were deade,  
The lostie verse of hem was loued aye.



## October.

But after vertue gan for age to stoupe,  
And mightie manhode brought a bedde of ease:  
The vaunting Poets found nought worth a pease,  
To put in p[re]ace among the learned troupe.  
Who gan the streames of flowing wittes to cease,  
And sonnebright honour pend in shamefull coupe.

And if that any buddes of Poesie,  
Yet of the old stocke gan to shoote agayne:  
O, it mens follies mote to sozt to sayne,  
And rolle with rest in ryms of rybandye.  
O, as it spzong, it twither must agayne:  
Tom piper makes vs better melodie.

Piers,

O pierlesse Poesie, where is then the place?  
If noz in Princes pallace thou doe sitt:  
(And yet is Princes pallace the most sitt)  
He brest of baser birth doth thee embrace.  
Then make thee winges of thine aspyring wit,  
And, whence thou camst, flie backe to heauen apace.

Cuddie,

Ah Percy it is all to weake and wanne,  
So high to soze, and make so large a flight:  
Her p[er]ced pyneons bene not so in plight,  
For Colin fittes such famous flight to scanne:  
He, were he not with loue so ill bedight,  
Would mount as high, and sing as soote as Swanne.

Piers,

Ah son, for loue does teache him climbe so hie,  
And lystes him vp out of the loathsome myze:  
Such immortall mirrhor, as he doth admire,  
Would rayse ones mind aboue the starrie skie.  
And cause a caytine corage to aspire,  
For loftie loue doth loath a lowly eye.  
All otherwile the state of Poet stands,  
For lordly loue is such a Tyranne fell:  
That where he rules, all power he doth expell.

The



The baunted verse a vacant head demaundes.  
 He went with crabbed care the Muses dwell,  
 Unwisely weanes, that takes two webbes in hand.

Who ever castes to compasse weightie prise,  
 And thinks to thzowe out thondzing words of thzeate:  
 Let potze in laushy cups and thzistie bitts of meate,  
 For Bacchus fruite is friend to Phœbus wise.  
 And when with Wine the bzaine begins to sweate,  
 The numbers flowe as fast as spring doth ryle.

Thou kenst not Percie howe the ryme should rage.  
 O if my temples were distaind with wine,  
 And girt in girlonds of wild Ruie twine,  
 How I could reare the Muse on stately stage,  
 And teache her tread aloft in bus-kin fine,  
 With queint Bellona in her equipage.

But ah my corage cooles ere it be warme,  
 For thy content vs in this humble shade:  
 Where no such troublous tydes han vs assayde,  
 Here we our slender pipes may safely charme.

Pires.

And when my Gates shall han their bellies layd:  
 Cuddie shall haue a bidde to stoze his farne.

Cuddies Embleme.

*Agitante calefcimus illo, &c.*

### GLOSSE.

This Aeglogue is made in imitation of Theocritus his xvi. Idilion, vvherein he reprooued the Tyranne Hiero of Syracuse for his nigardise towarde Poets, in vvhom is the pover to make men immortall for their good deedes, or shamefull for their naughtie life. And the like also is in Mantuane, The style hercof as also that in Theocritus, is more losric then the rest, and applyed to the height of Poeticall vvitte.

Cuddie, I doubt vvwhether by Cuddie be specified the authour selfe, or some other. For in the eyght Aeglogue the same person vvvas brought in, singing a Cansion of Colins making, as he sayth. So that some doubt, that the persons be different.



## October.

*VVhilome*, sometime.

*Oaten reedes*, *Aucna*.

*Ligge so layde*, lye so faint and vnlustie.

*Dapper*, pretie.

*Frye*, is a bold Metaphore, forced from the spawning fishes, for the multitude of young fish be called the frye.

*To restraine*, This place seemeth to conspire vvith Plato, who in his first booke de Legibus saith, that the first inuention of Poetrie was of very vertuous intent. For at what time an infinite nūber of youth vsually came to their great solemne feastes called Panegyrica, vvhich they vsed euery fve yeere to hold, some learned man being more able then the rest, for speciall gifts of wit & Musick, vvould take vpon him to sing fine verses to the people, in praise either of vertue or of victorie, or of immortalitie or such like. At whose vvonderfull gift al men being astonied and as it vv ere raiuisht, with delight, thinking (as it vv as in deede) that he vv as inspired from aboue, called him vatem: vvhich kinde of men after vv arde framing their verses to lighter musick (as of musick be many kinds, some sadder, some lighter, some martiall, some heroi-call: and so diuersely eke affect the mindes of men) found out lighter matter of Poesie also, some playing with loue, some scorning at mens fashions, some povvred out in pleasures, and so vv ere called Poets or makers.

*Sence bereaue*, vvhat the secrete vvorking of Musick is in the mindes of men, aswell appeareth hereby, that some of the auncient Philosophers, & those the most vv ise, as Plato & Pythagoras held for opiniō, that the minde vv as made of a certaine harmonie & musical numbers, for the great compassion & likeness of affection in thone & in the other as also by that memorable history of Alexander: to vv hom vv hen as Timotheus the great Musitian playde the Phrygian melodie, it is sayd, that he vv as distraught vv ith such vv onted furie, that streight vv ay rising from the table in great age, he caused himselfe to be armed, as readie to goe to vv arre (for that musick is very vv arre like) And immediatly vv hen as the Musition chaunged his stroke into the Lydian and Ionique harmonie, he vv as so furre frō vv arring, that he sat as stil, as if he had bene in matters of counsell. Such might is in musick. Wherfore Plato & Aristotle forbid the Aradian Melodie from children & youth. For that being altogether on the fyfte and seuenth tone, it is of great force to molifie and quenche the kindly courage, vv hich vseth to burne in young brests. So that it is not incredible vv hich the Poet here sayth, that Musick can bereaue the soule of sence.

*The shepheard that*, Orpheus: of vv hom is said, that by his excellent skill in Musick and Poetrie, he recovered his wife Eurydice from hell.

*Argus eyes*, of Argus is before said, that Iuno to him comitted hir husband Iupiter his Paragon Iō, bicause he had an hundred eyes: but afterwarde Mercurie vv ith his Musick lulling Argus a sleepe, slew him & brought Iō avvaye, vv hose eyes it is sayd that Iuno for his eternal memory placed in her byrd the Peacocks tayle, for those coloured spots in deede resemble eyes.

*VVoundlesse armour*, vv unwounded in vv arre, doe rust through long peace.

*Display*, A poetickall metaphore, vv hereof the meaning is, that if the Poet list shovve his skill in matter of more dignitie, then is the homely Aeglogue, good occasion is him offered of higher veine & more Heroicall argument, in the person of our most gracious soueraigne, vv hō (as before) he calleth *Elisa*.

Or



Or if matter of knighthood and chivalrie please him better, that there be many Noble & valiaunt men, that are both vvorthy of his payne in theyr deserved prayses, and also fauourers of his skill and facultie.

*The worthy*, he meaneth (as I guesse) the most honorable and renowned the Erle of Leycester, vvhom by his cognisance (although the same be also proper to other) rather then by his name he bevvrayeth, being not likely, that the names of noble princes be knowen to countrey clowne.

*Slack*, that is vvhen thou chaungest thy verse from stately discourse, to matter of more pleasaunce and delight.

*The Millers*, a kind of daunce.

*Ring*, company of dauncers.

*The Romish Tityrus*, vvell knowen to be Virgil, vvho by Mecænas meanes vvvas brought into the fauour of the Emperour Augustus, and by him moued to vvrite in loftier kinde, then he erst had done.

*Vvhereon*, in these three verses are the three seuerall vvorkes of Virgill intended. For in teaching his flocks to feede, is meant his Aeglogues. In labouring of lands, is his Bucoliques. In singing of vvars and deadly dread, is his diuine Aeneis figured.

*In derring doe*, In manhood and cheualrie.

*For euer*, He sheweth the cause, why Poets vvwere vvont be had in such honor of noble men, that is, that by them their vvorthines & valor should through theyr famous Posies be commended to all posterities. Wherefore it is sayde, that Achillis had neuer bene so famous, as he is, but for Homers immortall verses, vvwhich is the onely aduantage, vvwhich he had of Hector. And also that Alexander the the great coming to his tombe in Sigues, vvith naturall teares blessed him, that euer vvvas his happe to be honoured vvith so excellent a Poetes vvorke: as so renowned and ennobled onely by his meanes. Which being declared in a most eloquent Oration of Tullies, is of Petrarch no lesse vvorthely set forth in a sonet:

*Giunto Alexandro a la famosa tomba*

*Del fero Achille sospirando disse*

*O fortunato che si chiura tomba. Trousta &c.*

And that such account hath bene alvvayes made of Poetes, as vvell sheweth this that the vvorthie Scipio in all hys vvartes against Carthage and Numan-tia had euermore in hys companie, and that in a most familiar sort the good olde Poet Ennius: as also that Alexander destroying Thebes, vvhen he vvvas enformed that the famous Lyrick Poet Pindarus vvvas borne in that Citie, not onely commaunded streightly, that no man shoulde vppon payne of death doe any violence to that house by fyre or otherwyse: but also specially spared most, and some hyghtly rewarded, that vvcre of his kynne. So fauoured he the onely name of a Poet, vvwhich prayse otherwyse vvvas in the same man no lesse famous, that vvhen he came to ransacking of King Darius coffers, vvhom he lately had ouerthrowen, he founde in a little coffer of siluer the two bookes of Homers vvorkes, as layde vp there for speciall ieuels & richesse, vvwhich he taking thence, put one of them dayly in his bosome; and thother euery night layde vnder his pillowe. Such honour haue Poetes alvvayes found in the sight of Princes and Noble men; vvwhich this author here very vvell sheweth, as els vvhere more vvorthely.



## October.

But after, he sheweth the cause of contempt of Poetrie to bee idlenesse & basenesse of mynde.

*Pent*, shut vp in slough, as in a coope or cage.

*Tom pper*, An Ironicall Sacrasmus, spoken in derision of these rude vvittes, vvhich make more account of a ryming rybaud, then of skill grounded vpon learning and iudgement.

*Ne breft*, the meaner sort of men.

*Her peeced pineons*, vnperfect skill.

Spoken vvith humble modestie

*As soote as swanne*, The comparison seemeth to be straunge: for the swanne hath euer vppone small commendation for her sweete singing: but it is sayd of the learned that the syvanne a litle before hir death, singeth most pleasantly, as prophesying by a secrete instinct her neere destinie. As vvell sayth the Poet elsvvhere in one of his sonets.

The siluer syvanne doth sing before her dying day

As she that feeles the deepe delight that is in death &c.

*Immortall myrrhour*, Beautie, which is an excellent obiect of Poeticall spli- sites, as appeareth by the worthy Petrachs saying.

*Fiorr facena il mio debile ingegno*

*A la sua ombra, et crescet ne gli affanni.*

*A cazyue corage*, a base and abiect minde.

*For lostie lone*, I thinke this playing with the letter to be rather a fault then a figure, as vvell in our English tongue, as it hath bene alvvayes in the Latine, called *Cacozelon*.

*A vacant*, imitateth Mantuanes saying, *Vacuum curi diuina cerebrum Poscit*

*Lausq; cupi*, Resembleth the commen verse *Facundi calices quem non fecera disertum.*

*O if my*, He seemeth here to be rauished vvith a Poeticall furie. For (if one rightly marke) the numbers rise so full, and the verse groweth so bigge, that it seemeth he hath forgot the meanenesse of shepherds state and stile.

*VVild yuie*, for it is dedicated to Bacchus & therefore it is said that the Mæ- nades (that is Bacchus franrick priests) vsed in their sacrifice to carrie Thyrsos, vvhich vvere pointed staues or lauelins, vvrapped about vvith yuie.

*In buskin*, it vvvas the manner of Poetes and players in Tragedies to weare buskins, as also in Comedies to vse stockes and lyght shors. So that the bus- kin in Poetrie is vsed for tragicall matter, as is sayde in Virgill, *Sola sophocles sua carmina digna coturno.* And the lyke in Horace, *Magnum loquar, nitique coturno.*

*Queins*, strange Bellona, the goddesse of battaile, that is Pallas, vvhich may therfore wel be called queint for that (as Lucian saith) when Iupiter hir father vvvas in traueile of her, he caused his sonne Vulcan vvith his axe to heve hys head. Out of vvhich leaped forth lustely a valiant damsell armed at al pointes, vvho seeing Vulcan so faire and comely, lightly leaping to her, proffered her some curtesie, vvhich the Ladye disdeigning, shaked her speare at him, and threatned his saucinesse. Therefore such straungenesse is vvell applied to her.

*Aequipage*, order.

*Tydes*, seasons.

*Charme*, temper and order. For Charmes were wont to bee made by verses as Ouid sayth.

*Aut si carminibus.*

Embleme,



October.

Fol 44.

Embleme.

Hereby is meant, as also in the whole course of this Aeglogue, that Poetrie is a diuine instinct and vnnaturall rage passing the reache of common reason. Whom Piers ansvvereth Epiphonematicos as admiring the excellencie of the skill vvhenceof in Cuddie he had alreedy had a taste.

November.



*Ægloga vndecima.*

ARGUMENT.

**I**N this xi. Aeglogue he bewaileth the death of some mayden of great bloud whome he calleth Dido. The personage is secrete, and to me altogether vnkowne, albe of himselfe I often required the same. This Aeglogue is made in imitation of Marot his song, which he made vpon the death of Loyes the frenche Queene. But farre passing his reache, and in myne opinion all other the Eglogues of this booke.

Thenot.

Colin.

**C**olin my deare, when shall it please thee sing,  
As thou werr'st wont songs of some iouisance?  
Thy Muse too long slombzeth in sorrowing,  
Lulled a sleepe through loues misgouernaunce,

Now



## November.

Now somewhat sing, whose endlesse souenaunce,  
Among the shepherds swaines may aye remaine,  
Whether the list thy loued lasse aduance,  
Or honor Pan with hymnes of higher baine.

Colin.

Thenot, now nis the time of merimake.  
For Pan to herie, nor with loue to playe:  
Like myrth in May is meetest for to make,  
Or sommer shade vnder the cocked haye.  
But nowe sadde Winter welked hath the day,  
And Phoebus wearie of his yerely tas-ke:  
Pstabled hath his steedes in lowlye laye,  
And taken vp his ynnie in Fishes haf-ke.  
Thilke sollein season sadder plight doth as-ke:  
And loatheth like delights, as thou doest prayse:  
The moynesfull Muse in myrth now list ne mas-ke,  
As shee was wont in youngth and sommer dayes.  
But if thou algate lust light virelayes,  
And loser songs of loue to vnderfong  
Who but thy selfe deserves like Poets praise?  
Relieue thy Daten pypes, that sleepe long.

Thenot.

The Nightingale is souereigne of song,  
Before him sits the Titmouse silent bee:  
And I vnfitte to thrust in s-kilfull thronge,  
Should Colin make iudge of my fowlerie.  
Nay, better learne of hem, that learned bee,  
And han be watered at the Muses well:  
The kinde dewe drops from the higher tree,  
And wets the little plants that lowly dwell.  
But if sadde winters wraathe and season chill,  
Accorde not with thy Muses meriment:  
To sadder times thou mayst attune thy quill,  
And sing of sorrowe and deathes dreeriment.  
For deade is Dido, dead alas and drent,  
Dido the great shepheard his daughter sheene:

The



The fayrest May she was that euer went,  
Her like shee has not left behinde I weene.  
And if thou wilt bewaile my woofull tenes:  
I shall thee giue yond Collet for thy payne:  
And if thy rymes as round and ruefull bene,  
As those that did thy Rosalind complayne,  
Much greater gyfts for guerdon thou shalt gayne,  
Then bidde o' Collet, which I thee bynempt:  
Then vp I say, thou iolly shepheard swayne,  
Let not my small demaund be so contempt.

Colin.

Thenot to that I chose, thou doest me tempt,  
But ah too well I wote my humble baine,  
And howe my rymes bene rugged and unkempt:  
Yet as I conne, my conning I will strayne.

Vp then Melpomene the mournefull Muse of nyne,  
Such cause of mourning neuer hadst afore:  
Up grieuie ghostes and by my ruefull ryme,  
Matter of myrth now shalt thou haue no more.  
For dead shee is, that myrth thee made of yore.

Dido my deare alas is dead,  
Dead and lyeth wapt in lead:

O heauie berse,  
Let streaming teares be poured out in foze:  
O carefull berse.

Shepheards, that by your flocks on leantish downes abyde,  
Waile ye this woefull waste of natures warke:  
Waile we the wight, whose presence was our pryde:  
Waile we the wight, whose absence is our carke.  
The sonne of all the world is dimme and darke:

The earth now lacks her wonted light,  
And all we dwell in deadly night,

O heauie berse.

Breake we our pypes, that shuld as lowde as Larke,  
O carefull berse.



## November.

Why doe we longer live, (ah why live we so long)  
Whose better dayes death hath shot vp in woe?  
The saye. A floure our gyrlond all emong,  
As faded quite and into dust ygoe.

Sing now ye shepheards daughters, sing no moe  
The songs that Colin made in her prayse,  
But into weeping turne your wanton layes,

O heauie herse,

Nowe is time to dye. Nay time was long ygoe,  
O carefull verse.

Whence is it, that the flouret of the field doth fade,  
And lyeth buried long in Winters bale:

Yet soone as spring his mantle doth dislaye,

It floureth fresh, as it should neuer fayle?

But thing on earth that is of most abaile,

As vertues bzaunch and beauties budde.

Reliuen not for any good.

O heauie herse,

The bzaunch once dead, the bud eke needes must quaille,

O carefull verse.

She while she was, (that was, a woful word to sayne)

For beauties prayse and pleasaunce had no pere:

So well she couth the shepheards entertayne,

With cakes and cracknells and such country chere.

He would she scozne the simple shepheards swaine,

For she would call often heme

And giue him curds and clouted Creame.

O heauie herse,

Als Colin Cloute she would not once disdayne.

O carefull verse.

But now like happy chere is turnd to heauie chaunce,

Such pleasaunce now displast by dolours dint:

All Musick sleepes, where death doth leade the dancie,

And shepheards wonted solace is extinct.

The blew in black, the græne in gray is tinct,

The



The gandie girlonds deck her graue,  
The faded flowres her coze embraue.

O heauie herse,

Mozne nowe my muse, now mozne with teares besprint.

O carefull herse.

O thou great shepheard Lobbin, how great is thy grieffe,  
Where bene the nosegayes that she dight for thee:

The coloured thaplets wrought with a chiefe,

The knotted rushings, and gilte Rosemarée:

For shee deemed nothing too dære for thee.

As they bene all yclad in clay,

One bitter blast blew all away.

O heauie herse,

Thereof nought remaynes but the memoze.

O carefull herse.

Alas me that dzeerie death should strike so mortall stroke,

That can vndoe Dame natures kindly course:

The faded lockes fall from the lostie oke,

The flouds do gaspe, for dyed is theyr sourse,

And flouds of teares flowe in theyr stead perforce.

The mantled meadowes mozne,

Their sondry colours tozune.

O heauie herse,

The heauens doe melt in teares without remozse.

O carefull herse.

The feeble flocks in field refuse their former fode,

And hang their heads, as they would learne to weepe:

The beastes in forest wape as they were woode,

Except the Wolues, that chase the wandring sheepe:

Now she is gon that safely did hem keepe,

The Turtle on the bared bzaunch,

Laments the wound, that death did launch.

O heauie herse,

And Philomela her song with teares doth keepe,

O carefull herse.



## November.

The water Nymphs, that wont with her to sing and daunce,  
And for her girland Olive bzaunches beare,  
Nowe balefull boughes of Cypres doen aduaunce:  
The Muses, that were wont greene bayes to weare,  
Nowe bringen bitter Cloze bzaunches seare,  
The fatall sisters eke repent,  
Her vitall threde so sone was spent.

O heauie herse,  
Morne nowe my Muse, now morne with heauie cheare,  
O carefull verse.

O trustlesse state of earthly things, and slipper hope  
Of mortall men, that swinke and sweate for nought,  
And shooting wide, doth misse the marked scope:  
Nowe haue I learnd (a lesson derely bought) . . .  
That nys on earth assurance to be sought:  
For what might be in earthly mould,  
That did her buried body hold.

O heauie herse,  
Yet saw I on the beare when it was brought  
O carefull verse.

But maugre death, and dreaded sisters deadly spight,  
And gates of hell, and fyrie furies force:  
She hath the bonds broke of eternall night,  
Her soule vn bodied of the burdennous corse.  
Why then weepes Lobbin so without remorse?

O Lobb, thy losse no longer lament,  
Dido nis dead, but into heauen hent.  
O happy herse,  
Cease now my Muse, now cease thy sorrowes course,  
O ioyfull verse.

Why waile we then? why weary we the Gods with plaints,  
As if some euill were to her betight:  
She raignes a goddesse now among the saintes,  
That whilome was the saynt of shepheards light:  
And is enstalled nowe in heauens hight.



I see thee blessed soule, I see,  
Walke in Elisian fieldes so free.

O happie herse,  
Might I once come to thee (O that I might)  
O ioyfull verse.

Unwise and wretched men to weete whats good or ill,  
The dæme of Death as dome of ill desert:  
But knewe we fowles, what it vs brings untill  
Dye would we dayly, once it to expert.

No daunger there the shepheard can asert:  
Fayre fieldes and pleasaunt layes there bene,  
The fieldes ay fresh, the grasse ay greene:  
O happy herse,  
Take hast ye shepheards, thether to reuert,  
O ioyfull verse.

Dido is gone afoze (whose turne shall be the next):  
There liues she with the blessed Gods in blisse,  
There drinks she Nectar with Ambrosia mixt,  
And ioyes enioyes, that mortall men doe misse.  
The honoꝝ now of highest gods she is,  
That whilome was poore shepheards pryde:  
While here on earth she did abyde.

O happy herse,  
Ceasse now my song, my woe now wasted is.  
O ioyfull verse,

Thenot.

My francke shepheard, how bene thy verses meint  
With dolefull pleasaunce, so as I ne wotte,  
Whether reioyce or weepe for great constraint:  
Thyne be the cossette, well hast thou it gotte.  
Up Colin vp ynough thou moyned hast,  
Now gyanes to mizzle, hyc we homeward fast.

Colins Embleme,  
*La mort ny merd.*

M.iii.

Glosse.



# November.

## GLOSSE.

*Iouisfaunce*, myrth. *Souenaunce*, remembraunce. *Herie*, honour,  
*Welked*, shortned or empayred. As the Moone being in the waine is sayde  
of Lidgate to welk.

*In lowly lay*, according to the season of the moneth Nouember, vwhen the  
sunne draweth low in the South toward his Tropick or returne.

*In fishes haske*, the sunne, reigneth that is, in the signe Pisces all Nouember,  
a haske is a wicker pad, vwherein they vse to cary fish.

*Virelayes*, a light kind of song.

*Bee watred*, For it is a saying of Poets, that they haue dronke of the Muses  
vvell Castlias, vwhereof vvas before sufficiently sayd.

*Dreriment*, dreery and heauie cheere.

*The great shepheard*, is some man of high degree, and not as some vaynely  
suppose God Pan. The person both of the shephearde and of Dido is vn-  
knovven and closely buried in the Authors conceipt. But out of doubt I am,  
that it is not Rosalind, as some imagine: for he speaketh soone after of her  
also.

*Shene*, fayre and shining.

*May*, for mayde.

*Tene*, sorrov.

*Guerdon*, revvard.

*Bynempt*, bequethed.

*Coffet*, a lambe brought vp vvithout the dam. *Vnkempt*, Incompti Not  
comed, that is rude and vnhanfome.

*Melpomene*, The sadde and vvaylefull Muse vved of Poets in honor of Tra-  
gedies: as saith Virgil *Melpomene Tragico proclamat maesta vocatu.*

*Vp grievedly gosts*, The maner of Tragicall Poets, to call for helpe of Furies &  
damned ghostes: so is Hecuba of Euripides, and Tantalus brought in of Se-  
neca. And the rest of the rest.

*Herse*, is the solemne obsequie in funeralls.

*VVast of*, decay of so beautifull a peece.

*Carke*, care.

*Ab why*, an elegant Epanothosis, as also soone after. Nay time was long  
ago.

*Flouret*, a dimumtine for a little floure. This is a notable and sententious  
comparison *A minore ad maius.*

*Reluen not*, liue not againe. s. not in their earthly bodyes: for in heauen  
they enioy their dug revvard.

*The braunch*, He meaneth Dido, vwho being, as it vvete the maine braunch  
novve vvithered the buddes that is beautie (as he sayde afore) can no more  
flourish.

*VVith cakes*, fit for shepheards bankets.

*Heame*, for home, after the Nor-

thern pronouncing.

*Taid*, deyd or slayned.

*The gaudie*, the meaning is, that the things, vvich vvete the ornaments of  
her lyfe, are made the honor of her funerall, as is vved in burials.

*Lobbin*, the name of a shepheard, vvich seemeth to haue bene the louer &  
deere friend of Dido.

*Rasbrings*, agreeable for such base giftes.

*Faded locker*, dryed leaues. As if Nature her selfe bevayled the death of the  
Mayde.



*Sourfe*, spring. *Mantled meadowes*, for the sondry flowres are like a Mantle or couerlet wrought vvith many colours.

*Philomela*, the Nightingale. Whom the Poetes faine once to haue bene a Ladie of great beautie, till being rauished by hir sisters husband, she desired to be turned into a byrd of hir name: vvwhose complaintes be verye well sette forth of Ma. George Gas kin a vvittie gentleman, and the verye chiefe of our late rymers, vvho and if some partes of learning wanted not (albee it is vvell knovven he altogyther vvanted not learning) no doubt vvould haue attained to the excellencie of those famous Poets. For giftes of vvitte and naturall promptnesse appeare in him abundantly.

*Cypresse*, vsed of the old Paynims in the furnishing of their funerall Pompe, and properly the of all sorovv and heauinesse.

*The fatall sisters*, Clotho Lachesis and Atropodas, ughters of Herebus and the Night, vvhom the Poets faine to spinne the life of man, as it vv ere a long threde, vvwhich they dravve out in length, till his fatall hovvre and timely death be come, but if by other casualtie his dayes bee abridged, then one of them, that is Atropos, is sayde to haue cut the threde in tvvaine. Hereof com-meth a common verse.

*Clotho colum baiulat, lachesis trahit, Atropos occat.*

*O trustlesse*, a gallant exclamation moralized vvith great vvisedome and passionate vvith great affection.

*Beare*, a frame, vvwhereon they vse to lay the dead corse.

*Furies*, of Poetes bee feyned to bee three, Persephone, Alecta and Megera, vvwhich are sayd to be the Authours of all euill and mischief.

*Eternall might*, Is death or darknesse of hell. *Betight*, happened,

*I see*, A liuely Icon, or representation as if he savv her in heauen present.

*Elysian fieldes*, bee deuised of Poetes to be a place of pleasure like Paradise, vvwhere the happie soules doe rest in peace and eternall happinesse.

*Dye would*, The very expresse saying of Plato in Phædone.

*Astart*, befall vvvvares.

*Nectar and Ambrosia*, be feigned to bee the drinke and foode of the Gods: Ambrosia they liken to Manna in scripture & Nectar to be vvwhite like creme, vvwhereof is a proper tale of Hebe, that spilt a cup of it, and stayned the hea-uens, as yet appeareth. But I haue already discoursed that at large in my Com-mentarie vpon the dreames of the same Authour. *Meynt*, Mingled.

Embleme.

Which is as much to say, as death biteth not. For although by course of na-ture vve be borne to dye, and being ripened vvith age, as vvith a timely har-vest, we must be gathered in time, or els of our selues vve fall like rotted rype fruite fro the tree: yet death is not to bee counted for euill, nor (as the Poet sayd a little before) as doome of ill desert.) For though the trespasse of the first man brought death into the vvorld, as the guerdon of sinne, yet being o-vercome by the death of one, that dyed for all, it is novve made (as Chaucer sayth) the greene path vvay of lyfe. So that it agreeth vvell vvith that vv as said, that Death byteth not (that is) hurteth not at all.

*Eclogue*



December.



## *Ægloga Undecima.*

### Argument.

**T**His *Æglogue* (even as the first beganne) is ended with a complaint of Colin to God Pan, wherein as weary of his former wayes, he proportioneth his life to the foure seasons of the yeare, comparing his youthe to the spring time, when he was fresh and free from loves follie. His manhood to the sommer, which he sayth, was consumed with great heate & excessive drouth caused through a Comet or blasting starre, by which he meaneth love, which passion is commonly compared to such flames and immoderate heate. His riper yeeres he resemblance to an vnseasonable harvest where, in the fruites fall ere they be ripe. His latter age to winters chyll and frostie season, now drawing neare to his last ende.



He gentle shepheard satte beside a springe,  
All in the shadowe of a bushye bzyere,  
That Colin hight, which well could pype & singe,  
For he of Tityrus his songs did lere.  
There as he satte in secrete shade alone,  
Thus can he make of love his piteous mone.



O soueraigne Pan thou God of shepheards all,  
Which of our tender Lambkins takest keepe:  
And when our flocks into mischaunce mought fall,  
Doeſt ſaue from miſchiefe the vnwarie ſhepe:  
Als of their maiſters haſt no leſſe regarde,  
Then of the flocks, which thou doeſt watch and ward:

I thee beſeeche (ſo be thou deigne to heare,  
Rude ditties ſund to ſhepheards ſaten reede,  
Or if I euer ſonet ſong ſo cleare,  
As it with pleaſunce mought thy fancie feede)  
Hearken a while from thy greene cabinet,  
The rurall ſong of carefull Colinet.

Whilome in youth, when flow'd my ioyfull ſpring,  
Like Swallow ſwift I wandred here and there:  
For heate of heedleſſe luſt me ſo did ſting,  
That I of doubted daunger had no feare.  
I went the waſtefull woodes and foreſt wyde,  
Withouthen dreade of Wolues to bene eſpyed.

I wont to raunge amydd the maziſe thicket,  
And gather nuttes to make me Chyiſmas game:  
And ioyed oft to chace the trembling Pricket,  
Or hunt the hartleſſe hare, till ſhe were tame.  
What weakened I of wintrie ages waſte,  
Who deemed I, my ſpring would euer laſte.

Howe often haue I ſcaled the craggie Oke,  
All to diſlodge the Raven of her neſte:  
Howe haue I wearied with many a ſtroke,  
The ſtately Walnut tree, the while the reſt  
Under the tree fell all for nuts at triſe:  
For ylike to me was libertie and lyfe.

And ſo I was in thilke ſame looſer yeeres,  
(Whether the Muſe, ſo wrought me from my birth,  
Or I to much beleued my ſhepherd peeres)  
Somedele ywent to ſong and muſicks mirth.



## December.

A good olde shepheard, Wrenock was his name,  
Made me by arte moze cunning in the same.

Fro thence I durst in derring to compare  
With shepheards swayne, what euer fedde in field:  
And if that Hobbinoll right iudgement bare,  
To Pan his owne selfe pype I neede not yield.

Foz if the flocking Nymphes did folow Pan,  
The wiser Pules after Colin ranne.

But ah such pryde at length was yll repayde,  
The shepheards God (perdie God was he none)  
My hurtlesse pleasaunce did me ill vpbzaide,  
My freedome losne, my life he left to mone.

Loue they him called, that gaue me checkmate,  
But better mought they haue behote him Mate.

Tho gan my louely Spring bid me farewell,  
And Sommer season sped him to display  
(Foz loue then in the Lycens house did dwell)  
The raging fyre, that kindled at his ray.

A comet stird vp that vnkindly heate,  
That reigned (as men sayd) in Venus seate.

Forth was I ledde, not as I wont afoze,  
When choise I had to choise my wandring waye:  
But whether luck and loues vnbzidled loze  
Would leade me forth on fancies bitté to playe.

The bush my bedde, the bramble was my bowze,  
The Woodes can witnesse many a wofull stowze.

Where I was wont to seeke the honie Bée,  
Working her formall rowmes in Meren frame:  
The grieellie Todestoole growne there mought I see  
And loathed Paddockes lording on the same.

And where the chaunting birds luld me a sleepe,  
The ghastlie Owle her grienous ynnie doth keepe.

Then



Then as the spring giues place to elder time,  
 And bringeth forth the fruite of sommers pride:  
 Also my age now passed youngthly prime,  
 To things of ryper reason selfe applyed.

And learnd of lighter timber cotes to frame,  
 Such as might saue my sheepe and me fro shame.

To make fine cages for the Nightingale,  
 And Bal-kets of bulrushes was my wont:  
 Who to entrappe the fish in winding sale  
 Was better scene, or hurtfull beastes to hont:  
 I learned als the signes of heauen to ken,  
 How Phoebe failes, where Venus sittes and when.

And tryed time yet taught me greater things,  
 The sodain rising of the raging seas:  
 The sothe of byrds by beating of their wings,  
 The power of herbs, both which can hurt and ease:  
 And which be wont to tenrage the restlesse sheepe,  
 And which be wont to worke eternall sleepe.

But ah vnwise and witlesse Colin Cloute,  
 That kydst the hidden kinds of many a weede:  
 Yet kydst not ene to cure thy soze hart roote,  
 Whose ranckling wound as yet does risely bleede.  
 Why liuest thou stil, and yet hast thy deaths wound:  
 Why dyest thou stil, and yet aliae art found:

Thus is my sommer worne away and wasted,  
 Thus is my harnest hastened all to rathe:  
 The eare that budded faire, is burnt and blasted,  
 And all my hoped gaine is turnd to scathe.  
 Of all the seede, that in my youth was sowne,  
 Was nought but brakes & brambles to be mowne.

My boughes with bloosmes that crowned were at first,  
 And promised of timely fruite such store,  
 Are left both bare and barrein now at erst:  
 The flattering fruite is fallen to ground before.



## December.

And rotted, ere they were halfe mellowe ripe:  
My harvest wast, my hope away bid wipe.

The fragrant flowres, that in my garden grew,  
Were withered, as they had bene gathered long.  
They roots bene dreyed by for lacke of dew,  
Yet dewed with teares they can be cuer among.

Ah who has wrought my Rosalind this spight  
To spil the flowres, that should hir girlond dight.

And I, that whilome wont to frame my pype,  
Unto the shifting of the shepheards foote:  
Like follies nowe have gathered as for ripe,  
And cast hem out, as rotten and vnsoote.

The loser Lasse I cast to please no more,  
One if I please, enough is me therefore.

And thus of all my harvest hope I have  
Nought reaped but a weedy crop of care:  
Which, when I thought have threshed in swelling sheave,  
Cockel for corne, and chaffe for barley bare.

Soone as the chaffe should in the fan be fynd,  
All was blowne away of the wauering wynd.

So now my yeare drawes to his latter terme,  
My spring is spent, my sommer burnt by quite:  
My harvest hastes to stirre by winter sterne,  
And bids him clayme with rigorous rage his right.

So nowe he stormes with many a sturdie stoure,  
So now his blustering blast eke coast doth scoure.

The careful! cold hath nipt my rugged tyme,  
And in my face deepe furrowes eke hath pight:  
My head besprent with hoarie frost I fynde,  
And by myne eye the Crow his clawe doth wright.

Delight is layd abedde, and pleasure past,  
No sonne now shines, cloudes han all ouercast.

Now leaue ye shepheards boyes your merry glee,  
My muse is hoarse and weary of this stounde:



Here will I hang my pype vpon this tree,  
Was neuer pype of reede did better sounde.  
Winter is come, that blowes the bitter blasse,  
And after Winter drearie death does passe.

Gather ye together my little flocke,  
My little flock, that was to me so lief:  
Let me, ah lette me in your folds ye lock,  
Ere the breme Winter breste you greater grieve.  
Winter is come, that blowes the balefull breath,  
And after Winter cometh timely death.

Adieu delights, that lulled me asleepe,  
Adieu my deare, whose loue I bought so deare:  
Adieu my little Lambes and lound sheepe,  
Adieu ye Woodes that oft my witnesse were:  
Adieu good Hobbinoll, that was so true,  
Tell Rosalind, her Colin bids her adieu,

Colins Embleme.

# GLOSSE.

*Tityrus*, Chaucer; as hath bene oft sayd. *Lambkins*, young lambes.

*Als of their*, Seemeth to expresse Virgils verse.

*Pan curat oues quicumque magistros.*

*Deigne*, vouchsafe. *Eabines*, Colinet, dimi nutines.

*Mazie*, For they be like to a maze vvhence it is hard to get out agayne.

*Peres*, felovves and compaions.

*Musick*, that is Poetrie as Terence sayth *Qui artem tractant musicam*, speaking of Poetes.

*Derring doe*, afore sayd.

*Lions house*, He imagineth simply that Cupid, vvhich is loue, had his abode in the hote signe Leo, vvhich is in middest of sommer, a pretie allegory, whereof the meaning is, that loue in him wrought an extraordinarie heate of lust.

*Hurray*, vvhich is Cupides beame or flames of Loue.

*A Comete*, a blasing starre, meant of beautie, vvhich vvas the cause of hys whote loue.

*Venus*, the goddesse of beautie or pleasure. Also a signe in heauen, as it is here taken. So he meaneth that beautie, vvhich hath alwayes aspect to Venus, vvas the cause of all his vnquietnes in loue.

*VVhere I was*, a fine discription of the chaunge of hys lyfe and liking, for al things nowe seemed to him to haue altered their kindly course.

N.iii.

Lording,



# December.

*Lording*, Spoken after the maner of Paddockes & Frogges sitting which is in deede Lordly, not remouing nor looking once a side, vnlesse they be stirred.

*Then as*, The second part. That is his manhoode.

*Cotes*, sheepecotes, for such be the exercises of shepheards.

*Sal*, or Salou a kind of vwoodde like Wyllow, fit to vvreath and bynde in leapes to catch fish vvithall.

*Phæbe sayles*, The Eclipse of the Moone, vvwhich is alwayes in Cauda or Capite Draconis, signes in heauen.

*Venus*, s. Venus starre othervvise called Hesperus and Vesper and Lucifer, both because he seemeth to be one of the brightest starres, and also first ryseth and setteth last. All which still in starres being conuenient for shepheardes to knowe as Theocritus and the rest vse.

*Raging seas*, The cause of the swelling & ebbing of the sea commeth of the course of the Moone, sometime encreasing, somtime waining & decreasing.

*Sooth of byrds*, A kind of soothsaying vsed in elder times, vvwhich they gathered by the flying of byrds: First (as is sayd) inuented by the Thuscanes, & from them deriued to the Romanes, vvho (as it said in Liure) vvvere so superstitiously rooted in the same, that they agreed that euery Noble man should put his sonne to the Thuscanes, by the to be brought vp in that knowledge.

*Of herbes*, That wonderous thinges bee vvrought by herbes, as well appeareth by the common vvorking of them in our bodies, as also by the wonderfull enchauntements and forceries that haue bene vvrought by them, in so much that it is sayde the Circe a famous sorceresse turned men into sondrye kindes of beastes and Monsters, and onely by herbes: as the Poet sayth *Dea sana potentibus herbis* &c.

*Kidst*, knewest.

*Eare*, of corne.

*Scathe*, losse hinderaunce.

*Euer among*, Euer and anone.

*This is my*, The third part vvherein is set forth his ripoyeres as an vntimely haruest, that bringeth little fruite.

*The flagraunt flowres*, sundry studies & laudable partes of learning, wherein how our Poet is seene, be they witnesse vvwhich are priue to his study.

*Somew many yeere*, The last part, wherein is described his age by comparison of vvintrie stormes.

*Carefull cold*, for care is sayd to coole the blood.

*Olet*, mirth.

*Hoarie frost*, A metaphore of hoarie heares scattered like to a gray frost.

*Breeme*, sharpe and bitter.

*Adieu delights*, is a conclusion of all. Where in sixe verses he comprehenseth briefly all that vvvas touched in this booke. In the first verse his delights of vvwhich generally. In the second, the loue of Rosalind, in the third, the keeping of sheepe, vvwhich is the argument of all Aeglogues. In the fourth his complaints. And in the last two his professed friendship and good vvill to his good friend Hobbinoll.

*Embleme*, a picture or image.

The meaning vvhereof is that all things perish and come to their last end, but vvorkes of learned vvits and monuments of Poetrie abide for euer. And therefore Horace of his Odes a vvorke though full in deede of great vvirt and learning.



learning, yet of no so great vveight and importaunce boldly sayth.

*Exegi monumentum aere perennius,*

*Quod nec imber nec aquilo vorax &c.*

Therefore let not bee enuied, that this Poet in his Epilogue sayth he hath made a Calender, that shall endure as long as time &c. folowing the ensample of Horace and Ouid in the like.

*Grande opus exegi qua nec Iouis ira nec ignis,*

*Nec ferum poterit nec edax abolere vetustas &c.*

*Loe I haue made a Calender for euery yeare,  
That steale in strength, and time in durance shall outweare:  
And if I marked well the starres reuolution,*

*It shall continewe till the worldes dissolution.*

*To teach the ruder shepheard how to feede his sheepe,  
And from the falsers fraud his folded stocke to keepe.*

*Goe little Calender, thou hast a free passeporte,  
Goe but a lowly gate amongst the meaner sorte.*

*Dare not to match thy pype with Tityrus his style,*

*Nor with the Pilgrims that the Ploughman playde a while:*

*But followe them farre off, and their high steppes adore,*

*The better please, the worse despise, I aske no more.*

*Merce non mercede.*

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*East, for Iohn Harrison the youn-*

*ger, dwelling in Pater noster Roe, at the*

*signe of the Anker, and are there*

*to bee solde.*

1581.